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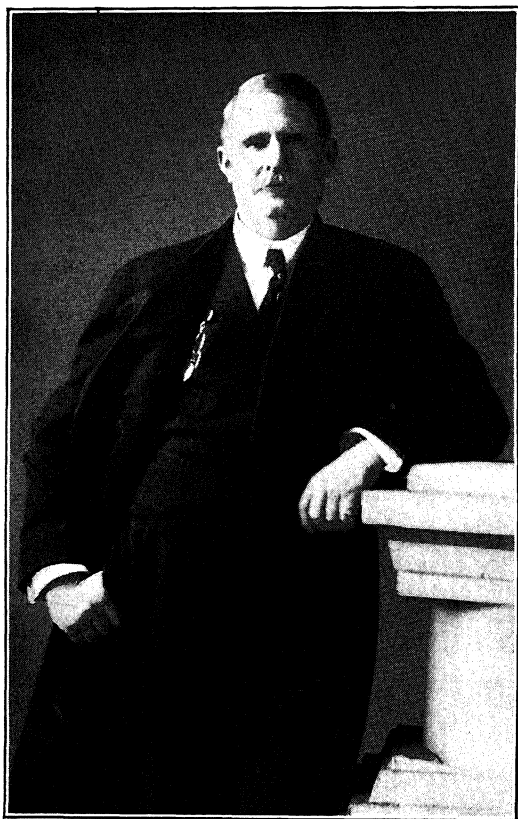
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THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE



REV. S. M. BROWN

THE SCHOOL *of* EXPERIENCE

By S. M. BROWN

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"Church Organization and Work," "Woman," "The Gospel in Nature," "Regular Baptism," "The Cross of Christ," "The Triune Name and Other Sermons," and Editor of "The Word and Way" and "Central Baptist"

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DEDICATION:

To my Family and my Friends
I affectionately dedicate the
following pages

P R E F A C E

I HAVE long contemplated the writing of a story of my long and varied experience. "Experience keeps a dear school," is a saying I heard when a boy. I will observe that, after all, it is by experience that we gain our most certain knowledge. The word, "experience," is derived from the Latin word "experientia," which means "to try." Our word, "experience," means: 1. "Practical personal acquaintance with any matter," and, 2. "Instruction and enlightenment gained by repeated trials."

I have thought that in view of the fact that I have been in general denominational work and in active life so long—fifty-eight years in the gospel ministry and fifty-three years in general denominational work—I should put into permanent form some things which have not been recorded and which no other person knows, concerning men and measures, which will do simple justice to those who are gone and may serve somewhat as a warning, a suggestion and an inspiration to those now living and those who may come after us.

The "School of Experience" will have no vacations and furnish few diplomas. The following observation, the author of which I do not know, is a correct analysis of the School of Experience:

"There is a law in the moral government of the universe which ordains that all that is great or valuable or permanent in character must be the result, not of theoretical teaching or natural aspira-

tion, of spontaneous resolve or uninterrupted success, but of trials, of suffering, of the fiery furnace of temptation, of the dark hours of disappointment and defeat. The character of the man is distinguished from the character of the child that he once was, chiefly by the effects of this universal law. There are the same natural impulses, the same mental, moral, and physical constitution with which he was born into the world. What is it that has given him the strength, the fortitude, the unchanging principle, and the moral and intellectual power which he exhibits in after years? It has been the hard discipline of pain and sorrow, the stern teachings of experience, the struggles against the consequences of his own errors, and the chastisements which have been inflicted by his own faults. Happy the man who has become a humble learner in the school of experience."

S. M. B.

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CHAPTER I

My Beginnings

TO ME life has been serious, mysterious, sunny and sorrowful. It has been bright and interesting and awful.

I was born in Yadkin County, North Carolina, July 12, 1855. My father was Rev. William Green Brown, who was active as an ordained Baptist minister for sixty years, having been born April 1, 1820, on the battlefield of the battle of "Guilford Court House," near Greensboro, North Carolina, and, I was told, in the very house in which General Nathaniel Green, of that notable conflict of the Revolutionary War, made his headquarters. Hence, they named him "Green" Brown. While my father went to school but three months in all his life, he educated himself, not only by general reading, but actually by mastering the school books used in the best schools in that part of the state where he resided. He knew language and some mathematics and history, both ancient and modern; he knew philosophy and religion—all religions. He literally devoured "Andrew Fuller's Works," and actually "read his eyes out," being almost totally blind some years before he, on July 3, 1901, went to his heavenly home. His last conscious hour was spent in preaching a sermon to his neighbors, who gathered about his bedside and, at the close, leading them in singing the well known old hymn: "How firm a

foundation, ye saints of the Lord, is lain for your faith in his excellent Word." My father was pastor of country and village churches in the old days when most country churches had preaching only one or two Sundays in the month. Of this kind, he was pastor of our own old home church, Flat Rock, Yadkin County, North Carolina, forty-two years. He was pastor of a country church, called Damascus, in Iredell, an adjoining county, thirty-two years. He baptized more than three thousand persons.

My mother was Priscilla Eldridge, born in 1819 and reared in Yadkin County, North Carolina, where she lived all her life and died December 2, 1888. She was a model wife and mother.

From my earliest recollection there was impressed upon my mind the idea of an infinite God, and his fear has always been before my face. I do not know whether it was more on account of the teaching and example of my parents, than because of a sort of intuition born in me. The notion of the existence of God, the creator and sovereign of the universe, has influenced my life ever since I can remember anything. I cannot remember any time when I was not conscious that I was a sinner and when I did not call upon God for help.

I attended Sunday School in my boyhood every Sunday—a kind of Sunday School that our generation knows little about. The Superintendent was by no means the most highly educated man in the church. In fact, he was very illiterate, could scarcely read publicly a chapter from the Bible without blundering in pronunciation and clearly revealing

the fact that he was utterly unfamiliar with the meaning of many of the words he attempted to read. But he was our Superintendent for over forty years. Why was he Superintendent? His name was "Uncle Johnnie Johnson"—"Uncle" to everybody. If people were very sick, they sent for "Uncle Johnnie" to pray for them. If a man was convicted of his sins and was seeking the Lord, he wanted to go to see "Uncle Johnnie," and get him to pray for him and show him the way. If his pastor was in need of something, "Uncle Johnnie" would try to get it for him. If brethren had a difficulty or dispute, they went to "Uncle Johnnie" to help them settle their difficulty. His whole time and thought, it seemed, were taken up in religious matters, he made his living "on the side," and his character and devotion made him Superintendent, even if he could scarcely read and did not know a noun from a verb. In this Sunday School, in an early day, little children were taught to "spell" and "read," while the older ones read the Bible—simply read it, each member of the class reading a verse, one after the other. There was little comment. Much was made of memorizing the Scriptures. Many memorized whole books of the Bible. I memorized much of the good Book. We had no "Helps." There were no "Sunday School lessons," and everyone read the Bible straight through. It seems to me that they knew more of the Bible then than we know now. If there was no preaching, the Sunday School was held all day; that is, we began at nine o'clock in the morning and "held on" until in the middle of the afternoon.

We held an annual "big meeting." It usually lasted only one week, but all the people prepared for it, laid aside their work and put in time, day and night, in the meeting.

It was at one of these annual meetings that I first started to publicly seek the Lord. Rev. Elias Dodson was assisting my father in the meeting. I was eleven years old. It was the first of November, 1866. I had several boyhood chums, who were always with me at church. It was the first Monday night of the meeting. I had a feeling of fear and dread before the meeting began that night. I did not enjoy the fun and companionship of the boys. I looked on the old pulpit Bible, as it lay on the stand, before a public word was spoken or a song sung, and the sight of the Book struck me through with awe. I was frightened. It seemed to me that some disaster was going to befall me. I feared that I was going to die. When the service began I could not restrain my tears. When Rev. Dodson announced his text I was alarmed beyond my power to describe. The text was: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them," Ecclesiastes 12:1. The sermon seemed addressed to me. It first occurred to me that my father had told the minister all about me, but soon the preacher began to say things which seemed to concern me, and which I knew my father did not know. I was more and more alarmed. I sat there and wept and prayed. I was small for my age. Little boys were not encouraged, in those days, to own and confess the Savior.

I was "at the end of my row." I supposed I would be considered too small to go forward for prayers. I was bewildered but I had, in my feelings, gone beyond a certain timidity which ordinarily would have greatly embarrassed me. An older brother, Rev. Solomon D. Brown, had just entered the ministry. When the invitation was given for penitents to come forward I would not have gone but my brother, seeing me weeping, came to me and said: "Sanford, would you like to go?" I readily replied: "Yes, I will go anywhere, and do anything, to be a Christian." I went forward and knelt with the others, and that night I publicly confessed my faith in Jesus. However, I had not gone a quarter of a mile toward home that night—we lived two miles away—until there came to me the suggestion that I had "made a fool of myself." I felt that I was a hypocrite and that, in fact, there might not be anything worth while or real in the whole matter. I was greatly distressed over what I had done, and was so ashamed that I did not know that I would go to the meeting any more. I walked home but I was so worried and excited I could not sleep much. Mr. Dodson, the preacher, stayed all night at our house. I was so ashamed that I did not want to see him, but he called me to him before they all started to church the next morning and attempted to encourage me in the step I had taken. He was a highly educated man, I think, a graduate of the University of Virginia, or of another noted institution of the "Old Dominion," and he was a painstaking student. He was well known in the Southern Baptist Conven-

tion, and was referred to by some as the "Walking Encyclopedia" of that body.

I knew that the door of the church would be opened on Saturday but I made up my mind that, so far as I was concerned, I was not fit to join the church even if they were willing to receive me.

Saturday came; the house was filled to capacity. My father preached. My mother sat in the front seat of the "amen corner," on the women's side of the meeting-house. I sat back in the congregation, but from where I sat I could see my mother's face. From the beginning of the service my attention was directed to her. She seemed in great distress. I wondered if she had suddenly been taken ill. I was tempted to go to her to ask her what was the matter. Her face was one of such anxiety and sorrow I was shocked and worried. The sermon was ended and the invitation was given to those who would own Jesus as the Lord of their lives and confess his name in his own appointed way. The song was "I am bound for the Promised Land." To my astonishment mother joined in the singing and when she came to the words of the refrain: "O, who will come and go with me? I am bound for the Promised Land," she looked at me and tears were coursing down her blessed face. She drew me; I went to her and put my little sunburnt hand in hers, and this is exactly what I said, "Mamma, I would go with you today or die." I meant every word of it. I would have gone to her through fire. Her voice and her expression broke me and then put hope into me and I said, "thank God I am one of them. I am 'bound for the promised land.'" I was happy.

I did not know then all that awaited me. The next day I went to "Hunting Creek" with the others. It was just below Deacon Patterson's mill. The hill on the other side was covered with the beautiful ivy. The alder bushes lined the bank on our side; beautiful white sand skirted the water, which was as clear as crystal. My father baptized some thirty persons and Brother Dodson baptized me.

The feeling that swept my soul as I walked out of that stream was: Well, I have done wrong in so many ways but, thank God, in this I know I have done right. *I have done right.* That was the feeling that came to me. I said to myself, "Well, if I never did right before and never do right again, I know I have done right in this." The other candidates went up to the mill to dress. I took my little bundle and went off alone, into the alder and ivy bushes, and dressed there by myself. I was happy.

The Civil War

I remember well the beginning of the Civil War. Certainly one of the greatest problems that has ever engaged the human mind has been the problem of striking the proper balance between personal liberty on the one hand and rightful authority on the other. I remember the two dominant political parties which struggled for ascendancy just before the war. They were the Democrats and the Whigs. The fundamental difference between these two parties was concerning this problem. The Democrats stood for personal liberty and the Whigs for centralized authority. Of course, there were other

minor differences but this was the fundamental one. The immediate dispute which brought on the Civil War was as to who should decide whether African slavery should be introduced or permitted, in new states, Kansas, for instance. The Democrats held that the question should be decided by a vote of the people of the new state, while the Whigs contended that the matter should be determined by the government at Washington. The discussion precipitated division as to the right of secession. The parties, themselves, split up and Lincoln was one of four candidates running for the Presidency the same year. Lincoln was a modified Whig but believed, to a certain point, in States' Rights. In his views he came nearer striking the balance I have spoken of than any of the others. His view was the only one that finally made possible the preservation of the Union. He was really a great Democrat: that is, he believed in a government by the people and for the people and yet he knew that the several states were too close together to get along without the final authority of a representative, central government. He labored to save the Union. He was really the beginning of the Republican party. The Kingdom of God is a combination of theocracy and democracy. God is a Sovereign but, in his circumscribed sphere, man is free. The problem of theology is to hitch up Calvinism and Arminianism in the same team—strike the balance.

The purpose of the Almighty in the Civil War was to free the negro and it was accomplished. The South was crushed; North Carolina was bankrupt. About the close of the struggle a wing of

Sherman's army came up into the hills and mountains of North Carolina and set fire to all our little cotton factories, took our good horses and left us broken-down, cavalry beasts.

We did not have a rural, public school of any length in North Carolina for ten years after the Civil War. I was ten years old when the war closed. We had little private schools, about three months in the year. I went to them. Everybody was financially "broke." My parents knew the value of an education and did what they could to help us. The greatest help in that respect in all my life was the knowledge my father had gained by reading and study. I never asked him the meaning of a word, or concerning a matter of geography or history that he did not answer readily. The knowledge he had gained is to me yet one of the most marvelous things I know. But I went to school. I walked most of the days, for a time, six miles, to our County Seat, where an excellent teacher conducted a very excellent school for that day. I was often barefooted when frost and icicles were in the road. I learned to sing. A competent music teacher came over from Singers Glen, Va., and taught singing. I followed him around from church to church and learned his method of teaching. I sent to a conservatory in Boston and purchased Calcot's Musical Grammar, a work on "Thorough Bass and Composition," and Hastings' "Musical Taste," and learned what was in those books. I succeeded in making of myself a very popular music teacher. I made money to pay my way to school. Our former United States Senator from North Carolina, Hon. Lee S. Over-

man, now gone to heaven, had just graduated from Trinity College, now the opulent Duke University, when he came to Iredell County, the county adjoining my native county, and taught a private school. He attended my singing classes and said I taught him to sing. I went to school to him. He taught me the Greek alphabet and grammar. I never knew a finer, Christian young man. My association with him is a bright experience. I taught much in Methodist churches. I taught nights and Saturdays and Sundays and when I was not in school I taught all the days of the week. I had more money than other members of my family and so I divided with them and God prospered me. I had far more invitations to teach than I could supply. It was noised abroad that a revival of religion usually followed my singing school. The fact was I was trying to pay a debt I owed, to preach the gospel, in teaching and singing great gospel songs.

Going back in this story I beg to be permitted to state something further of my own religious experience. When I was about fifteen years old, between these little schools of short duration, I went away from home and was employed as a boy in a village store. My wage was six dollars per month and my board. I was working for the firm of Holcomb and Kirkman. Holcomb was a Baptist and Kirkman a Methodist. They bought and sold whisky and brandy—in those days every store did the same thing. I well remember when it was said there were but two temperance men in our county—my father and Aquilla Speers. Practically everybody would take a “dram” as they called it. But

my mother would not have a drop in our house—not even enough to fill up the camphor bottle. I would take a dram, and she warned me that some day I would get drunk. I was certain that I would not, but when I got away from home and was thrown in wild company, I began to slip in my religious life. In fact I drifted so far away that I concluded that I had committed the “unpardonable sin.” I read over and over the twenty-sixth verse of the tenth chapter of Hebrews: “For if we sin willfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more a sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful expectation of judgment, and a fierceness of fire which shall devour the adversaries.”

The summer I was seventeen or eighteen I was at home, working on the farm. As I have already said I slipped in my religious life. I went for months under the impression that I had “sinned away my day of grace.” No one knew but that I was an average, good member, but I knew and the burden finally became unbearable. I left the field one day and started to see “Uncle Johnnie Johnson,” of whom I have written, to disclose to him my condition of mind. But I had not gone very far on the journey of more than two miles until it occurred to me that I was committing an additional sin by going to a man and not to God. Under the spreading branches of a big oak tree, there in the woods alone, I found the greatest experience of God’s forgiving mercy I had ever known. The words of an old hymn exactly expressed my desire and prayer. I sang them over:

"Show pity, Lord, O, Lord, forgive.
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free
May not a sinner trust in thee?"

"My crimes tho' great cannot surpass
The power and glory of thy grace,
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found."

The last two stanzas of the old hymn expressed exactly the deepest feeling of my soul, even better than any words I could frame for myself:

"Lord should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned but thou art clear,
And if my soul were sent to hell
Thy righteous law approves it well."

I made these awful words all my own. But there was the last stanza:

"Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord.
Whose hope, still hovering 'round thy Word,
Would light on some sweet promise there
Some sure support against despair."

The word "promise" in this last sentiment chained me. Promise! What Promise? The answer came like a flash. "I will give you rest." I was tired. I had gone for months, enduring keen despair with every thought of my hopeless condition. I had always been told that one had to repent and believe as a condition of justification before God. I had exhausted every effort of which I was cap-

able, to no avail. I had reached the point where I could not think of a human being who could help. God's law was infinite, the penalty of his law was infinite, eternal death and I was finite and a guilty sinner. What sort of a perfect repentance and faith had I to offer as the payment of the debt I owed to infinite justice, which would constitute a ground of justification in the sight of a just, infinite, holy God? But the promise, "I will give you rest," kept ringing in my soul. I said, "On what ground will he give me rest? Why, on the ground of what Jesus did for me, as he did for all other men, when he died on Calvary's cross." I saw, what I have seen more clearly as the years have come and gone, that preachers blunder in preaching a conditional justification. God is already reconciled to the human race. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not reckoning unto them their trespasses." II Corinthians 5:19. So "justification by faith" simply means that it is by faith we accept a justification wrought out for all mankind when Jesus "by the grace of God tasted death for every man." Hebrews 2:9. "And he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the whole world." I John 2:2. Ah! it was that which I saw as I had never seen it before. Christ had paid my debt and borne my sins long ago; so rest could come to me as God's gracious gift. "I will give you rest." The burden rolled off of me and I was supremely happy. But the whole transaction seemed too simple to trust. I had done nothing—could do nothing—so I said, "I cannot trust this." I tried to pray for the burden of my condition to come back, so that I

could go through the experience again, and be certain that it was a real Christian experience. But "I will give you rest" kept ringing in my soul. Finally, I said to myself, "Why, if this is all there is to it, then any poor sinner on earth might, yea, ought to accept this great gift of salvation in view of what Christ has already done for the whole race. It is free to all and so easy. In fact you do nothing. You just quit and stop and believe that it is already done." I thought of my best boy friend, Bill King. I wanted to tell him. I knew I could show him just how his debt was paid, the same as mine. I arose from where I was prostrate on my face and sang an old song I had heard my grandmother sing: "Jesus died on Calvary's mountain long time ago, and salvation's rolling fountain now freely flows."

A peace, indescribable, came over me. I thought of a string on a musical instrument which had been all out of tune—out of key—when suddenly the expert tuner had put it in perfect accord with the whole instrument. I seemed reconciled to God and all the creation. The very trees of that wood put on a new aspect. I was in harmony with God and his universe. I vowed that if God spared my life I would tell others how easy it was to simply stop and trust what Christ had already done. I vowed then and there that I would preach the gospel, and my first text would be: "Therefore, being justified by faith, let us have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I am now prepared to go on with my story from where I turned back, as I was saying that, in teach-

ing my singing schools, I was trying to atone for my neglect to fulfill a call to preach the gospel.

When I was in school with Senator Overman I had taught classes to sing over a large portion of Iredell County, especially among Methodists. Senator Overman was a Methodist. There was a noted, old-fashioned, religious "Camp-Ground" situated in the western part of the county called "Harmony Hill." At this place there was held, each year, a "camp meeting." People came and pitched tents or built themselves log shanties and camped for a week and there would be all-day preaching and then a night service. The meeting was supposed to be interdenominational, as the name "Harmony Hill," would indicate, but, really, Methodists largely ran the meetings. It was the summer of 1875 and the time for the great "Camp-Meeting" came on. I was asked to lead the singing. It was known that there would be in attendance upon the meeting scores, perhaps hundreds, of people I had taught in my singing schools. I started in to lead the singing. The preaching was being done by a great Methodist preacher by the name of Marcus L. Wood, a presiding elder in the Methodist church, and one who had spent some years as a missionary in China. Dr. Wood's sermons were especially strong along the lines of Christian obligations, duty and service. He searched his hearers and brought conviction of neglected duty. He preached God's law, and the awful consequences of disobeying, judgments and punishments, on to eternal death. His preaching was of the awful, old-fashioned type—law, justice, judgment, punishment, hell.

I led the singing Sunday, Sunday night and Monday, but those searching sermons were proving too much for me. Monday evening, I determined to get a substitute and sit back and get away from the fire that Methodist preacher was kindling. In company with young Overman and two splendid young women we took an extended stroll through the beautiful forest and I purposely led the company to stay away from the meeting until all the preliminaries were over, and the preacher was ready to announce his text. We were late and so found seats at the out-skirts of the great congregation. We were scarcely seated when the tall, angular minister arose to announce his text, and what do you think it was? Jeremiah 13:21. "What wilt thou say when he shall punish thee?" The text was enough for me. I had solemnly promised God I would preach from a certain text. I had not kept my solemn vow. God had been gracious and merciful to me and I had been untrue, unfaithful. I felt my time had come and I firmly believed that if I did not fulfill my vow then and there, that very night, I would soon appear before God's awful judgment bar, with sealed and silent lips. "What wilt thou say when he shall punish thee?" I made up my mind to wait until the minister had finished his sermon and then would go to the front and ask his permission to preach. At the close of a good sermon, the main part of which to me was the text, I arose to go forward. Mr. Overman asked me where I was going. I told him I was going to perform a neglected duty and asked him and the young ladies to excuse me. The preacher had finished his ser-

mon and had given an invitation for penitents to come forward but there had been no response. I never had so much as led in public prayer but I was used to talking in my singing schools. I went to the front and Dr. Wood asked me to lead in prayer, which I did. At the close of the prayer I asked the preacher if I might preach then and there and he seemed gladly to give his consent with the hearty Methodist "Amen." I told the story of my vow and announced my text: "Therefore, being justified by faith, let us have peace with God through our Lord, Jesus Christ." Romans 5:1. I paid my vow. There were twenty-four professions of conversion and scores of others seeking the Lord. We were in the meeting until near midnight. There is a Baptist minister in Missouri, a graduate of William Jewell College, Rev. C. F. Whitlock, who was present at the meeting. He was a boy but says he remembers something about the meeting and I have asked him to write his recollections, which I insert here.

"THE BEGINNING OF A LONG AND USEFUL LIFE
IN THE MINISTRY"

"In the days of the Camp Meeting at Harmony Hill about sixty years ago, I witnessed the beginning of the ministry of one of the most useful preachers I have ever known. At the close of a sermon on Monday night, Sanford Brown, a mere boy, known only as a teacher of singing and a son of Rev. W. G. Brown, a much loved and very gifted preacher, asked permission to speak and quoted the text, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord, Jesus Christ," Romans 5:1, and from it deliv-

ered a message that was so fervent, eloquent and heart-searching that the next hour cannot be described. Eternity alone will record its results. Many came to the altar, wept over their sins and twenty-four persons were happily saved. They shouted. Their friends and relatives shouted. This was the beginning of the ministry of S. M. Brown, who has, in my opinion, done more for the Baptists of Kansas City and the great state of Missouri than any other one man now living. This was his first sermon.

"A few weeks later a meeting began at Holly Springs Church. The first morning of the meeting young Brother Brown came in with no thought of preaching. The pastor, without consulting him, announced that he would preach. Brother Brown disappeared, returning directly with "power from above," and preached a sermon that started the best meeting ever held in that church in which he preached for six days. This was his first of many hundreds of meetings. I am perhaps the only living preacher who was in these great meetings of sixty years ago. They are still living in me."

"C. F. WHITLOCK."

This occurrence was in 1875, or 58 years ago.

Now at this "camp meeting" they had what they called a "Committee of Arrangements." It devolved upon this committee to say who should preach. At the close of the meeting, on the night I have referred to, the committee announced that I would preach the next morning. I had been sleeping with the ministers in the "Preachers' Tent," there were four or five of them. My saddle horse was domiciled out at Mr. Hayze's, a half mile away. I could not sleep. I did not know whether it was the proper

thing for me to preach without a license, or any authority from my Baptist church. I concluded I would "run away" from the meeting. I left all those preachers asleep, went out to the farm house, saddled my horse and when day dawned I was several miles in the direction of Taylor Springs, where I knew my father was holding a meeting. I went to him. I did not tell him what I had done. No one at the "camp meeting" knew where I had gone. The fact was, when I calmly thought the matter over, I concluded that I was not fit to preach, anyway.

A few weeks later we were to have our annual meeting at Flat Rock. I did not know whether the story of my preaching at Harmony Hill had been noised about among the members of our church. I did not know but that I had committed an offense against the church by preaching without a license. At the Saturday church meeting, after the routine business was concluded, our Superintendent, the same "Uncle Johnnie Johnson" of whom I have spoken, arose and said that he understood that Sanford Brown had preached at Harmony Hill. I feared he was going to bring some charge against me but he surprised me greatly by saying that, for some time, he had believed that Sanford ought to preach and so he moved that a license to preach be granted me and before I was permitted to speak, the motion was "put" and carried. That evening my father, who was pastor of the church, said to me that he wanted me to preach Sunday morning. I consented to try and had for my text, Romans 1:16, "I am not ashamed of the gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Holly Springs

A week or so after the Flat Rock meeting I deliberately reached the conclusion that I was not fit to preach, and resolved I would never try it again. The annual "big meeting" was to be held at Holly Springs. I went to the meeting on the first Sunday. There was a devotional service held in the meeting-house but it was the purpose to repair to the arbor for the eleven o'clock service. I stepped up in the door of the meeting house, which was densely crowded at the devotion, just as the congregation rose to be dismissed to repair to the arbor. The pastor saw me and without consulting me, announced that I would preach at the arbor in a few minutes. The crowded aisles rendered it impossible to reach the pastor to tell him to withdraw the announcement. I went the other way and in a dense wood I had another struggle. I covenanted with the Holy Spirit that if I returned and tried to preach and there was evidence of the divine approval of my effort I would receive it as conclusive evidence that I was "called" and I would never hesitate again. I turned and went back. My text was: "Beloved, now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be"—I John 3:2. I had studied some astronomy in school. I had learned that our earth was an almost imperceptible speck in the vast universe—only a satellite of the sun. So it was unreasonable to suppose that the earth was the only planet in the vast universe inhabited by intelligences like ourselves. Hence, while our earth was the scene of the working out of the great scheme of redemption, all the Lord's people

here were trained for the service of his kingdom hereafter, and, no doubt, the Apostle Paul and others were now off redeeming some sinful race in some distant planet. "It is not yet made manifest what we shall be." This was a small part of what I said. God wonderfully blessed my preaching and there were more than a score of penitents forward and many people publicly praised God. I may add that, while I recognize my unworthiness, from that day to this I have never doubted that God called me, even me, to preach the gospel.

There were a number of preachers at this meeting, among them the venerable, learned Elias Dodson. The preachers went home with the pastor and were together until the evening service. One of the brethren was sufficiently wanting in fine tact and judgment to ask Brother Dodson, in my presence, what he thought of my sermon. The answer of the frank, great preacher, was: "Yes, yes, very good—very good, but were you not, sometimes, afraid that Brother Brown would butt his brains out against the stars—O, yes, yes."

George W. Green

George W. Green was a graduate of Wake Forest College and of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary before the institution was moved from Greenville, South Carolina, to Louisville, Kentucky. He came into Alexander County, North Carolina, and established a mountain Baptist school before the Convention took special notice of these institutions. The school was located at Sulphur Springs.

I went to this school. There were eight or ten young preachers in the school. Brother Green had written out, in long hand, outlines of the lectures of Boyce, Broaddus, Manly, Williams and Toy, as he had them in the Seminary. He went over these lectures with the preacher boys. Our president was yet unmarried and I had the supreme pleasure of living with him in a small house of two rooms, while we had our board at a Brother Davis' home just across the road. Sulphur Springs boasted only two or three families, a small store and a country post office but the school was full of mountain boys and girls. Later Brother Green moved to Moravian Falls, in Wilkes County, and established the school there. I believe it is in existence yet. Here, during my intimate association with this scholarly man, I received a broader outlook on life. Brother Green afterwards became a teacher in Wake Forest College, and from there went as a missionary to China, fulfilling a desire which he entertained when I knew him. He died in China, having a claim on me that I was never able to pay, except as I have held him in the highest admiration and gratitude of which I am capable for now more than fifty years.

On a fifth Sunday in August, 1876, I was ordained to the ministry at my old church, Flat Rock. The ordaining council was composed of Dr. K. Thompson, Rev. James H. Lewellin, and Rev. C. C. Haymore. My father was pastor of the church, but I suppose that on account of his relation to me he did not take part in my ordination. After leaving school in the mid-winter of 1876, I was called

as pastor of two or three country churches, but did not accept work with any of them.

In 1870 two of my brothers, Rev. Solomon D. Brown, a man of family, and W. J. Brown, a single brother, came from North Carolina to Missouri. They settled in Jackson County, in the neighborhood of Lone Jack. The preacher brother was pastor at Lone Jack for a time, and the younger brother decided to preach. I think that it was in 1872 or 1873 they both decided to enter William Jewell College, and were for a short time in school there. In 1874 when western Missouri was beset by a pest of grass-hoppers that destroyed all crops, the married brother took his family and returned to North Carolina, leaving the single brother in Missouri. This brother was ordained to the ministry at a session of the Blue River Association, meeting at Lone Jack, in 1874, Dr. S. H. Ford, of St. Louis, preaching the ordination sermon. In the spring of 1877 this brother, Rev. W. J. Brown, who was then settled as pastor at Nevada, Missouri, returned for a visit to his old home in his native state. He had been away nearly seven years and I had grown from fourteen to twenty-one years of age during his absence. When he met me he looked me over intently for only a few moments and immediately said to me: "I want you to go with me to Missouri." I said to him: "Why do you want me to go with you to Missouri, and why do you speak of it so soon?" He replied: "I have been the homeliest man in Missouri for seven years, and I want some relief." I admit I was not a classic, neither was he.

CHAPTER II

Coming to Missouri

IT WAS March, 1877, when my brother and I started for Missouri. I never had traveled on a railroad. The fact is, there were not many railroads. The engines were small affairs, with a smokestack that blazed out at the top like a hat turned bottom-upwards. They burned wood in the engines and had to stop every few miles to get more wood. We took the train at what is now Winston-Salem. If there was a "sleeper" on any of the trains on which we traveled coming to Missouri I did not see it. I do not think there were any. When we pulled out of the depot at Winston-Salem we started out at what seemed to me a comfortable rate of speed but we were preparing to stop for wood and water. After getting the supply the train got into full headway, down toward Greensboro, and I was greatly frightened for fear they had lost control of it. The speed was dreadful. We reached Greensboro. I never had seen so large a town—a population of three or four thousand. It was Saturday evening. We went to the McAdoo Hotel. My brother would not travel on Sunday, so we spent Sunday in Greensboro. Sunday morning we went to the Baptist church. There was what they called a "strangers' class," in Sunday School, located near the front entrance. We sat in this class. The teacher asked questions and, while I did not know much

about cities and city ways, I did know something about the Bible. When he pressed me, I answered the best I could. My brother did not have much to say. At the termination of the lesson and before the closing service of the Sunday School, the teacher asked me if I was a preacher. I told him I was a Baptist preacher. He asked my name and I told him my name was Sanford Brown and that I was a son of Green Brown. Then he seemed to know me and he said: "We are disappointed in not having a preacher for this Sunday and would you not preach for us?" I told him no, but that no doubt my brother would preach. My brother refused to preach. Then the Superintendent came back and urged me to permit him to announce that I would preach. I did not know how to preach in a city. I asked my brother if he would conduct the opening service if I should try to preach. He knew how and he readily consented and urged me to preach. My text was: "Have mercy upon me, O, God, according to thy loving kindness." Psalm 51:1. There were three or four old sisters, clothed in black silk, seated near the front. They looked the joy and glory of the gospel into the young preacher's face. They all wept, and some said, audibly, "Amen," "Glory to God," "Praise his name." They came and shook hands with me and I saw how people are just people, whether they live in the country or in town, and the universal human need of, and how many long for, the gospel. My brother agreed to preach at night. One of the deacons sent up to the hotel and insisted that we should become his guests while we were in the city and was so insistent and per-

sistent that we were driven down to his palatial home and remained two or three days. We had a fine carriage, a colored coachman and some very fine young people as a contribution to our entertainment and pleasure. The next Sunday we spent in Richmond, Virginia, and I heard Mr. D. L. Moody preach and Mr. Sankey sing "The Ninety and Nine"—the first time I ever heard the song. Mr. Moody's text was, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." When Mr. Sankey sang, the great congregation, at times, by the hundreds, burst into audible weeping. I was the first person to shake hands with Mr. Moody at the close of the sermon. He seemed to know that I wanted to shake hands with him and he stepped down from a pulpit that, I would say, was four feet high, from which there were no steps, and I said to him, "I am a poor, mountain boy, called to preach the gospel, and I want you to pray for me." He put his brawny arm around me and said, "God bless you, my boy." I have never forgotten his words.

We went on to Washington, D. C. It was night when we reached the city. The place was thronged with hack-drivers, calling out, "Here! this way!! O yes, yes, this way." We told one of them that we wanted a hotel of moderate price and he told us he would take us to where we could stay for \$2.00. He drove us two blocks and put us out and claimed that what he meant was he would take us to where we could stop, for \$2.00 for his services. I saw he had tricked us, and I told my brother I would settle with him. I had in my pocket a two dollar bill on a dead bank of Mecklinburg, North Carolina. The money

was worthless and I knew it, so I gave him the Mecklinburg two dollar bill and he grabbed it in great haste, sprang into his cab and disappeared, and we picked up our grips and went on to another hotel so he would not know where to find us. Did I do right? I never have suffered any particular remorse for that deed.

I wanted to see the Washington Monument. My great grandfather was with Washington at Valley Forge. My grandmother told me stories of the suffering of the soldiers at Valley Forge—how General Washington would be missed from the headquarters and they would find him kneeling in the ice praying to God for sustaining grace. I wanted to see the monument. The guard there told us that it was then the tallest permanent structure in the world. As I looked to its giddy height I thanked God that I was an American citizen. We went to the Capitol and to Mount Vernon. We saw an old colored man who had been a slave in the Washington family.

We went to Baltimore. We went on to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and to Parkersburg, West Virginia, where we took a steam-boat, on the Ohio River, down to Cincinnati, and on to St. Louis, by what was then known as the Ohio and Mississippi Railway. This roundabout way was considered the best route to Missouri in those days. St. Louis had about two hundred thousand population. The Eads Bridge had been completed a short time before and was considered one of the great structures of the world. Fifty men died of accidents in the building of the bridge.

Mr. William Ferguson was editor and owner of the Central Baptist and Dr. J. C. Armstrong was associate editor. They were both in the office at the time of our visit.

I went to Nevada with my brother. The church gave him a royal welcome. He was preaching to by far the largest congregation in the town.

I had no idea of remaining in Missouri. My plan was to return to North Carolina in the fall and try to finish my education at Wake Forest College. My father had been a friend and advocate of Wake Forest and the Seminary at Greenville, ever since I could remember and I had read the Biblical Recorder all my life. I may turn aside to say that my love for the old state, her fine Baptist institutions and people, the hills and roads over which I roamed when I was a boy, has lost none of its fervor as the years have come and gone. I have been back to the old home eighty-three times since I left there fifty-six years ago.

As I have said, I went with my brother to Nevada, where he was pastor. The Missouri Pacific railroad, now called "The Joplin Branch," was not built. The whole section from Butler, Bates County, to Nevada and from Nevada to Lamar, Barton County, some fifty-five miles, was one almost unbroken prairie—not a half dozen houses on the long wagon road between these places. My brother asked me to fill an appointment he had at Oak Grove, in Jackson County, some time in May, 1877. I traveled by the way of Sedalia, Lexington and on a little narrow-gauge railroad from Lexington to

Levasy. There a boy met me riding one horse and leading another for me to ride to Oak Grove. We reached the church in time to preach on Saturday—regular monthly church meeting. Dr. Frick, father of our eminent Kansas City surgeon, Dr. William J. Frick, resided at Oak Grove, and the now nationally renowned surgeon was then a small boy. The senior Dr. Frick was a corpulent man and scarcely ever attempted to walk up the steep, long hill which led from the little town, where the church was located, to his lovely, old residence, situated, as it was, on the tip-top of an elevation overlooking the whole country around. He had his fine saddle horse down at the church meeting. Dr. Frick was a prominent member. I had been bleached out in the woods of North Carolina and when I struck the winds of Missouri they tanned my complexion and made me look as though I was an invalid. But I was not. I could have struck a “dead run” and have gone to the top of that hill without taking a long breath, but Dr. Frick thought I must be sick. So after I had preached, the horse I had ridden from Levasy having been spirited away somewhere, the doctor insisted that I should ride his horse up to his house. I did so, not knowing the situation, and he climbed the long hill, the top of which he reached with threatened heart-failure. I was very hungry. The horse-back ride and the preaching made me hungry. We had a big dish of fine, tender, fried chicken and other things, for the noon meal, which was served about one o’clock, and of course I satisfied my craving and ate three pieces of the chicken. The doctor told me later when we became intimate

acquaintances and friends that when he came closer to me he saw I was not sick and, when I ate the chicken and all, he regretted the walk he had taken to spare me. I was innocent but hungry.

One of the prominent deacons at Oak Grove was Mr. John King. Mrs. King was a worthy daughter of the pioneer, leading Baptist preacher of western Missouri, the Rev. Jerry Farmer, who resided at Pleasant Hill, Missouri, and who was, for thirty years, moderator of the Blue River Association. Brother Farmer, being advanced in years, had retired from the active ministry and was a partner with his son-in-law, Mr. William Jones, in a very extensive lumber business. Dr. A. C. Rafferty had been pastor of the Pleasant Hill church but had resigned and the pulpit was being supplied by Elder Farmer.

I returned to Nevada from my visit to Oak Grove, but Mrs. King, who heard me preach, wrote her father and suggested that the Pleasant Hill church have me preach there with a view to the pastorate. So, in a few days, I received a communication from the church at Pleasant Hill requesting me to visit them and preach. I accepted the invitation and on a Sunday in July, 1877, supplied the pulpit. I journeyed from Nevada to Pleasant Hill, forty miles, on what they called in those days, a "buck-board buggy." The vehicle was a board or boards, of some sort of tough, springy lumber, with the seat in the center and the board or boards extending between the four wheels. It was a one-horse concern. I preached morning and evening and, whereas the

regular pay for supply was ten dollars, Deacon Jones gave me an extra ten dollars and Dr. Caleb Winfrey, another deacon, gave me a five dollar gold piece and, I may say, that I have always had money to supply all my real needs from that day to this: "And my God shall supply every need of yours, according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus." Phil. 4:19.

Money in those days had more than twice the purchasing power it has today. I wish here to bear testimony to the very truth of the Scripture I have just quoted. In the more than fifty years of my ministry I have scarcely spent an hour of anxiety as to where my "living" would come from. My whole time has been devoted to my life-work in the ministry. I have "used my head," as they say, in making and meeting my financial obligations, and a peculiar Providence, it seems to me, has guided every investment I ever made, and prospered me and blessed me. I praise the name of God and sing in my soul but I make haste to acknowledge my absolute unworthiness of the least of all God's mercies.

From Pleasant Hill I went, in company with Rev. Geo. H. Noel—blessings on his memory—and my brother to visit at a protracted meeting which Rev. Isaac N. Newman, had started at his country church called Concord, situated in the western end of Lafayette County, Missouri. The pastor urged me to preach at the first service on Monday. Without intending it at all I remained with him, preaching day and night for two weeks, my first revival meet-

ing in Missouri. At the close of the meeting I witnessed this godly pastor baptize thirty-six persons in a beautiful stream of water that flowed nearby the meeting house.

While at Concord I received word from Pleasant Hill that I had been unanimously called to the pastorate. I returned and agreed to serve as supply-pastor for a time. It was still my purpose to return to my native state. I was twenty-two years old the very month I was called to the church. I was following the greatest theologian then living in Missouri, acknowledged so. Dr. Rafferty was made a Doctor of Divinity by William Jewell, was a graduate of Shurtleff College, and ended his long, distinguished career as Teacher of Theology in the Kansas City Theological Seminary. He was easily the most profound, intellect I ever knew in the Baptist ministry. I may also turn aside to say that never in my life have I known a more humble, devout, Christian man. He was the first Baptist preacher in Missouri that I came to know intimately, and there grew up a friendship between us which led the great man to request his family that, if I survived him, I should be asked to preach his funeral sermon, which I did. The church had in its membership some strong men and noble women—Elder Farmer, William Jones, Dr. Caleb Winfrey and his son, Willey Bailey and his fine sons, Dr. James A. Shuttleworth, once in the long ago interested in the ownership of the Western Recorder, at Louisville, Kentucky, James Hickman and the Adams brothers, Mrs. Chandler and others. *But* there was that disjunctive conjunction. The church was torn asunder and lined up on two sides

of a contention which had alienated its best members. Dr. Shuttleworth and Elder Farmer had a law-suit pending in court and had not spoken to each other in years, though they were both regular attendants upon all the services. I have sometimes said that the reason they called me to be pastor of the important body was that such was their condition they could not induce one of much ability and experience to be their pastor, so they called me. Brethren Shuttleworth and Farmer were both strong, good men, so a "fuss" between good men, signifies far more of a problem than a disagreement among men of less ability and character. I made my home with Dr. Shuttleworth. In fact, I "boarded" at his house about three years and never paid a dollar. That family was of the old Kentucky sort. He had a fine home close by the meeting house and horses and buggies and fine milk cows and a big farm out in the country. I called him my Missouri father. But there was the "fuss." I concluded I would try to settle it. I asked Brother Farmer if he did not think Dr. Shuttleworth was a good man. "Why certainly," he said. "He is a high-minded, Christian gentleman, but a hot-headed Kentuckian and a fool when he gets mad." I asked Dr. Shuttleworth if he did not think Elder Farmer was a good man. "Why certainly," he said. "He has preached the gospel here forty years and baptized the people and married the people and buried the people. Why, of course, he is a good man. But he is the muleishest man when he gets mad that you ever saw." I went back to Brother Farmer and told him that Dr. Shuttleworth said that everybody

knew he was a good man, that he had preached the gospel forty years and baptized the people and married the people and buried the people." I did not tell him that the doctor said that he was the "mule-ishest" man that I had ever seen in my life when he got mad. I went back to the doctor. I told him that Brother Farmer said that he was a high-minded Christian gentleman. I did not tell him that Elder Farmer said that he was a hot-headed Kentuckian, and a fool when he got mad. I saw I had struck the one lead. I carried only the good news. "Finally brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Phil. 4:8.

Soon the brethren would tell me all the good and would leave off the bad. I was on the street with the doctor. We met brother Farmer, I said to them, "Brethren, I want you to speak to each other. I am only a boy. You are men. I can do nothing here in this church with you men at 'outs.' You have each told me that you had confidence in each other as Christians and you have told me other things but I want you to make friends." The impulsive doctor spoke up. He said: I have been ashamed of this matter." Brother Farmer said, "Well, no man ever had to meet me more than half way." The doctor extended his hand. They shook hands. The doctor said, "If you will pay your costs I will pay mine and we will end our law suit." Elder Farmer agreed. It was all settled. Sunday morning came

and neither one of them was at church. I said to myself, "Something has happened." I went into the chapel and hastily wrote my resignation to read that morning at the close of my sermon. Just before I rose to preach those two dear, old men entered the front door. The great auditorium, ninety feet long, was filled with people. The two good men did not want to make any ado about having made friends and therefore had an engagement to come in together and be seated together, so everybody would see. They walked side by side down the long aisle. The people burst out weeping as they came. I preached a little. The people surged around the two good men. I did not intend to have a protracted meeting but it started that morning. I preached a week, I sent for my brother and he came and preached a week. I sent for Dr. M. L. Laws, our state Sunday School man, and he preached a week. I baptized fifty-six people, nearly all of them grown people, and when the time came to go back home, how could I leave? I remained a little longer than three years and resigned on account of the failure of the health of my beloved brother, Rev. W. J. Brown of Nevada, Missouri. He was compelled to resign his fine pastorate and I thought we should travel some in the interest of his health. We, of course, went back to the old home and spent most of the winter of 1880-81 at home. The months dragged heavily on me. The anxiety concerning my brother's health and the future of my own career constituted a complexity but my main concern was with regard to my brother's health. He remained about the same during the winter.

I beg now to leave this part of my story, for the time being, and return to my Pleasant Hill pastorate. I held several meetings with brother pastors. I was at Lee's Summit, Holden, Carthage, Butler, Odessa, Lone Jack, Nevada, Lamar and the Westport Church of Kansas City, now the Calvary Church. I assisted Dr. Rafferty, or was with Dr. Rafferty, in a meeting at the Westport Church in 1877. Westport was four miles from Kansas City. There was a mule car line from what is now the city market, that wound along south on Walnut and Grand Avenue and finally on Main, then west on Hunter Avenue to Broadway and around to Westport, very much as the electric cars run now. It required more than an hour to get out to Westport on the mule cars. There were no paved streets south of Twelfth Street and the population of Kansas City in 1877 was about thirty-three thousand.

Westport, the older city, had a population of eight hundred. The present Wornall home, at Sixty-first and Wornall Road, stood very much as it is today. I slept in the northwest room on the second floor. We drove to church in a two-horse carriage. John B. Wornall owned several hundred acres in what is now the famous Country Club District in Kansas City. Mr. Seth Ward, whose farm adjoined Mr. Wornall's on the west and northwest, and who was also a fine member of the Westport Church, owned some 1,500 acres, including the fine Sunset Hill District, in Kansas City, and also much of the Country Club District. Both were prominent, leading citizens of the county and the state. Mr. Wornall was state senator, as was his son Thomas, after

him. I shall have more to say of this great, good man further along in my story.

On a Sunday during this meeting at Westport, Dr. J. E. Chambliss, who was then pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, Kansas City, situated at the northeast corner of Eleventh and Grand Avenue, and Dr. Hopkins, who was pastor of the First Congregational Church, situated, as it was then, at the northeast corner of Eleventh and McGee, arranged to hold what was called in those days a "Sunday School Mass Meeting." The meeting was to be in the afternoon. The two pastors sent out a request for Dr. Rafferty and the writer to come down and address the mass meeting. We boarded the old mule cars and started down. Dr. Rafferty asked me what we were going to talk about down at the meeting. I told him, "Sunday School, of course." "Yes," he said, "but what phase of the subject will we talk about?" Now, really, I did not know exactly what I would say. I had preached that morning and I had intended to think up something to say on my way down. Dr. Rafferty said: "Well, I will tell you what I am going to talk about, so that we will not both choose the same subject." "I," he said, "am going to point out some defects in our Sunday School operations, and you know," he said, "they are rather fastidious folks down there, and maybe they will not take it kindly from me, but I am going to tell them that I am going to be like the Irishman who went out to shoot a deer and spying something that looked something like a deer, but also something like a calf, he was at his wit's end. He did not want to kill a calf, and he was afraid to stir or to tarry

for fear if it was a deer it would take fright and run and so he wouldn't get a good shot. He put his wits together and determined to shoot anyhow and shoot so as to hit it if it was a deer and miss it if it was a calf. So," Dr. Rafferty said, "I shall tell them if my objections do not fit them they need not take them to heart. I would shoot, anyway." Then he gave me five distinct objections he raised to our modern Sunday School work. They were apt and evidently correct. To avoid them would greatly improve this feature of the work of the churches. He occupied all the time we had until we reached the meeting. The house was packed and the preliminary services were almost finished. They were about ready for us. The pastor said to us, "We are ready for you. We will have one of you speak now and after a song the other will speak." Dr. Rafferty, always modest and generous, insisted that I should speak first. I really did not have anything in mind except the fine, informing talk that Dr. Rafferty had made to me on our way down. In fact, he had taken the time I had intended to use in thinking up something to say. I never have been able to analyze the mischievous suggestion which came to me. I arose and began my address by stating that I did not know exactly the phase of the subject that I was expected to speak on but it had occurred to me that it might be profitable to consider some defects in our modern Sunday School work. I did not wish to offend any one but I had concluded that I would be like an Irishman who went out to shoot a deer. At first, I intended simply to rob the doctor of his story but, when I had told the story, I saw it did not

fit anything except the speech he had made to me on the mule-car; so I took his firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly and fifthly. It was a fine speech. There was a hearty response from the great congregation. I did not dare to look Dr. Rafferty squarely in the face while I was speaking. One single glance at him was sufficient. When I closed my address, the congregation stood and joined in a good song and when they were all seated again Dr. Rafferty arose. He turned to me and pointing the finger of his big brawny hand at me, he said, "Brethren, that boy will do anything." Then he proceeded to tell the congregation what he had done and what I had done. The pastors were greatly amused but I sat facing the crowd and tried to look meek and innocent. Then the learned, great preacher went off on another theme and charmed everybody, as he always did in those days. You see I knew he had other speeches he could make and I didn't have any. I did the best I could and it was noised about over the state that I stole Dr. Rafferty's speech and it advertised me and did me great good. Perhaps many thought that I had shown good judgment, at least in choosing my victim.

Going back to our winter in North Carolina, as I have said, the months dragged heavily. The weather was bad and I was shut in taking care of my brother. During a single week, I received invitations to visit the churches at Butler, Lamar, Odessa, Missouri and Houston, Texas, with a view to the pastorate. My brother urged me to return, which I did, and went first to Butler, Missouri. I had been there in company with Mr. J. M. Hunt.

a singer, of whom I shall have more to say in the course of my story, and held a very gracious meeting. So I went to Butler. The church called me and I accepted the pastorate. This was February, 1881. The winter dragged on in North Carolina, and my brother went to southern Georgia and thence to Anchorage, Kentucky, to see a noted physician and spend a time in a private sanitarium. He seemed to do him little good so he came on to Missouri. His church at Nevada refused to call any one to its pastorate, in fact, the church resolved it would not call another pastor so long as my brother lived, hoping he might recover his health so as to return to his pulpit. After spending a few weeks with me, at the solicitation of his brethren and sisters at Nevada he went down to see them. He was suddenly taken very much worse and went down to his bed of death. I was by his side. I occupied my pulpit on Sunday, but returned to his bedside Sunday night. Six long, weary weeks I took care of him with the devoted help of Deacon Bowman and his devoted family and then saw him die. He wanted to preach the gospel. His request of me then has nerved me many a time when I was tired. He said to me, with tender concern, "Brother, I am done. Will you try to preach for us both?" When I reflect upon the fact that I have averaged nearly a sermon or an address for almost every day of fifty years I feel that in my imperfect way I have endeavored to do the work of two. But, alas, he was able, far more able than I have been. I buried him at Nevada and, at the urgent request of Deacon Bowman, laid him to rest in the deacon's own private burying plot.

For once, I got in debt. We had spent all our money, the money we had saved up, and I was in debt \$200.00 which really meant more than \$2,000.00 would mean now. I was broken in my own health. I brought his trunk and all his personal things back with me to Butler and when I had taken out his books and clothing, with the debt hanging over me, I gave up and actually wished I was dead. My people could not help me. I was new in my pastorate. There was a dark, gloomy morning I fell on my face before that open, emptied trunk, without a near relative within a thousand miles of me, in debt for his burial and, worst of all, with the fear that my sins were, somehow, related to my sorrow. Ah! I wrote out the story of his going for his godly, broken-hearted father and mother and mine and started up to the post office to post the letter. And now I must tell the readers of my story, provided there are any, one of the most curiously remarkable things, a fact that looks utterly improbable if not impossible, a curious thing that I almost shudder to write for fear it will cause my readers to question my veracity, but it is nevertheless the naked truth. There was a doctor, a practicing physician, who had his office on the ground floor of a building on the public square, by which office I was to pass on my way to the post office. He was a deacon in our church. He was an extremely retiring, modest, quiet, humble person. He had saved the meeting house from being sold for debt, in fact had bought it in and presented it to the church, but at the time of which I am speaking I did not know those things. The fact was, I had been in the pastorate only a few months and

much of that time had been taken with my sick brother, so I scarcely knew the membership. But as I was on my way to the post office, this doctor saw me passing his door. He invited me into his office and, asking me to be seated, said he wanted to see me. He turned to me and said, as I remember: "You have had a great sorrow." I told him it was a terrible blow. He said: "And no doubt you have had great expense." I assured him that I had been compelled to bear the expense. He reached up to a pigeon-hole in his desk and drew out a sealed envelope addressed to me. He handed it to me and said: "Now I give you this upon two conditions: one is that you put it in your pocket and that you do not open it until you get back to your room; the other is that when you shall have discovered its contents you are never to speak to me with regard to it." He extorted from me the promise that I would do both. I did not tarry long at the post office. I did not loiter on the way. I was back at my room in a very short time. I opened the envelope and it contained ten twenty dollar bills in currency. I said to myself, "Who told him? Why did he do it?" It did several things for me. It set me even with the world financially; it made me know God had not forgotten me; it led me then and there to try to reconsecrate my poor life to Christ and his gospel. I preached the next morning, Sunday, and announced that I would preach each day and night of the week. I had a peculiar experience in prayer. I was praying when I walked the streets. I prayed the last breath when I went to sleep at night. I prayed the first thing in the morning. I was often

crushed in my spirit by the burden of my own sins. I preached day and night. The congregations overran the house. In six weeks I had baptized eighty-nine people. The church increased my salary. I was out of debt and had hundreds of dollars ahead, I sealed up \$200.00 and walked into that doctor's office and laid it down on his desk. I kept my word and did not speak to him about it. I knew he intended it to be a gift to me but then I did not need it. My pastorate at Butler continued four years, or until 1884. In the fall of 1883, I attended the meeting of the Missouri Baptist General Association as I had done each year since I had been in the state, seven years, but had never been asked to have anything to say in the meetings. Dr. W. Pope Yeaman was Secretary of State Missions. My pastorates, with my endeavor to bring the churches into liberal cooperation with all the denominational work of the state, had perhaps called some attention to me and before the meeting of the General Association at Trenton, Missouri, in 1883, I had a letter from Dr. Yeaman requesting me to address the body when the matter of State Missions came up for consideration. A feature which added special interest to the meeting of the Association this year was a special service arranged to bid farewell to Miss Emma Young, the daughter of Rev. D. G. Young, of southern Missouri, who had been accepted by the Foreign Mission Board at Richmond as a missionary to China. Miss Young was a graduate of Southwest Baptist College, at Bolivar, Missouri, and was a very bright and peculiarly attractive young woman. I had seen her and her godly father in the meetings

of two or three of our District Associations before the meeting at Trenton. Foreign Missionaries were not so numerous in those years and a gifted young woman, who had dedicated her life to Foreign Mission work ready to embark to China in a few days attracted the tenderest interest of the denomination. The scenes of peculiar, emotional interest which I witnessed in the meetings of these District gatherings had led me to compose a tune and set to music the great poem of Daniel March, "Here Am I Send Me." So at the farewell service to Miss Young I was requested to sing the great hymn, which I did:

"Hark the voice of Jesus crying—

Who will go and work today?

Fields are white and harvests waiting

Who will bear the sheaves away?"

I sang the song. I made the address Dr. Yeaman had requested me to make and I am speaking of the incident here for the reason that it was the part I took in the meeting at Trenton which led, in a way, to the most important epoch in my whole career. Another item which added interest to the Trenton meeting was the presence of Dr. A. E. Dickinson, Editor of the Religious Herald of Richmond, Virginia.

It will be observed I was still in my pastorate at Butler. Dr. W. H. Williams was editor and owner of the Central Baptist at St. Louis. Rev. Harvey Hatcher was, and had been for a year or two, what was styled field editor of the Central. Brother Hatcher had been connected with the Biblical Recorder in North Carolina, and the Herald at Rich-

mond, Virginia, I believe. He was an able man and when he left Missouri he went to Georgia with the Christian Index. He was a brother of Dr. William E. Hatcher of Richmond, Virginia or, perhaps I should say, they were brothers.

The year 1884 was the semi-centennial year of the organization of the Missouri Baptist General Association. The meeting was to be held at Marshall, Missouri. Along through the year, I received from Dr. Williams, the editor of the Central Baptist several communications requesting me to write for the paper upon this and that topic. I did this with real pleasure. I like to write, or at least to try it. During the year there grew up in me a desire to know more of our Baptist people. I subscribed for and read several of our leading Baptist papers, the Examiner, The Western Recorder, the Biblical Recorder and, of course, the Central Baptist, and the American Baptist Flag, then published in St. Louis, having been founded at La Grange, Missouri, but moved to St. Louis. But this did not satisfy a desire I had to see and know the denominational leaders, and to come in touch with the brethren so as to extend my personal acquaintance.

Dr. John A. Broaddus had visited Missouri and I had seen and heard him at the sessions of the Southern Baptist Convention. I wanted to touch his great life and teaching. So I made up my mind to go to the Seminary at Louisville. I had saved up a little money and resolved to resign my pastorate and go to the Seminary. I even had my "trunk packed," but a week before I was to start to Louisville I had a telegram from Dr. W. H. Williams of St. Louis

requesting me to meet him at a session of the Blue River Association which was scheduled to meet with the Calvary Church in Kansas City. It was in my plans to attend this meeting anyway. So I met him in Kansas City. He wanted a private interview with me. We went into the pastor's study. After he had closed the doors he said that he had a proposition to make to me but before we considered it he wanted us to kneel and pray for divine guidance. We knelt and prayed. When we arose from our knees he said to me that since he had seen and heard me at Trenton, a year before, he had wanted me to be joined with him in the work of the Central Baptist. I suggested to him that perhaps he did not know me well enough to consider such a relation and that I had had no experience in newspaper work. He said he had my whole history and that he would offer me a home in his own home when I was in St. Louis. What he offered me as a salary was more than I had received as pastor and he would furnish all my traveling expenses. After much thought and consultation with my best and wisest friends, who unanimously counseled me to accept Dr. Williams' proposition, I decided to give up my plan to go to the Seminary and go to St. Louis instead. I consider that my decision at this point in my career had more to do in shaping my whole life than any other step I have ever taken.

Dr. William Harrison Williams

I have long desired to have an opportunity to say some things concerning this good and useful man. As my story has already divulged, I have resided

in Missouri fifty-six years, forty-nine of these have been spent almost continuously in some phase of general denominational work and I can say that the name of Dr. W. H. Williams stands in the front rank of all the men who have wrought in Missouri since I have known the state. No man who has labored here exercised a more potent and a more extensive influence for the upbuilding of our Baptist cause in this state. Justice is not done Dr. Williams in the annals of our Missouri work.

I went to St. Louis from the meeting of the General Association at Marshall, the semi-centennial meeting of the organization of the body. I made my home in Dr. Williams' home but spent the most of my time, as Dr. Hatcher had done before me, moving among the churches and keeping up a sort of editorial correspondence in the paper. I held some evangelistic meetings in connection with my work.

The Central Baptist had a formidable competitor in the American Baptist Flag, also published in St. Louis, with Dr. D. B. Ray as editor. The Flag had some fourteen thousand subscribers and the Central Baptist had about five thousand at the time I went to St. Louis. The fact was, we had about three kinds of Baptists in Missouri. There were a few liberal brethren, who might have been classed with the extreme modernists of this day. Then there was a class of brethren, who were very strict Baptists in the matter of creed and who seemed to be seeking controversy with anybody and everybody. If this element could not find contestants among another denomination they were often

found in a fight with their own Baptist people. They were "extra" Baptists. They were a sort of continuation of a former generation of controversialists, perhaps altogether fitted to their time and necessary in their day but who were gradually getting "out of date." Many of our people in Missouri, a little more than forty years ago, belonged to this class. Perhaps the attempt to get clear away from this kind has led many of our day to the opposite extreme. The discussions of Baptist doctrines by this class, especially when these discussions were conducted upon a high plane of Christian courtesy, made staunch Baptists, intelligent Baptists, Baptists who knew why they were Baptists and who stood ready to give a "reason of their hope." The Flag was the champion of the controversialists. Dr. Ray, himself, was a distinguished debater.

Then there was a third class of Baptists. They did not seek controversy. They held strictly to our Baptist tenets and preached them on proper occasions but were always courteous and conducted their propaganda in such a way as to command the respect of those who differed from them. They did not use offensive epithets, did not feel called upon to "call names" in such a way as to drive those of opposite creeds away from their ministry or array those who might differ from them in bitter, warring camps.

I traveled all over Missouri with Dr. Ray. We were warm personal friends. Dr. Williams' plan was conciliatory. This tactful, conscientious Christian gentleman would not conduct a personal wrangle in

the columns of the Central Baptist. His rule was, if he found a brother had a grievance against him, to take the eighteenth chapter of Matthew's gospel and go and sit down with the brother and seek a reconciliation. He prayed more than any man I ever knew. He was the soul of honor. It was a benediction to associate with him. His home was one of the most ideal Christian homes I was ever acquainted with. Mrs. Williams was an ideal Christian wife and mother, cultured and refined and intelligently in sympathy with her husband's life and work. *I shall think of her as apparently destitute of a fault.* Her children really loved the stated family devotion. At some times, during my sojourn in Dr. Williams' home when Dr. and Mrs. Williams were away from home, I was considered as a sort of protector and leader. When the evening meal was finished one of the little children, Harry or Carrie or May Belle or "Bess" or Emma, would bring me the family Bible to read and then pray. Not one of those children seemed to know how to grow restless or impatient in any way until the Bible was read and prayer was offered. It was just as necessary as the repast spread for our dinner. It was really regarded by every one of them as the most important thing in the home. No wonder that the only son, W. H. "Harry" Williams, Charlotte, North Carolina, became a great preacher, and that two of the daughters, Mrs. Dr. Everett Gill and Mrs. Dr. W. J. McGlothlin, married eminent preachers of the gospel. I came to the state four years before Dr. Williams came—I, in 1877, he, in 1882. When I came there was division and contention in our Baptist ranks.

In 1876, the Centennial year, effort was made to raise \$50,000 for our Baptist educational work in the state. Only a part of the proposed sum was subscribed. Dr. W. Pope Yeaman was then Chancellor of William Jewell College and it was largely through his influence and labors that the amount that was raised was secured. At the meeting of the General Association held at Hannibal in the fall of 1876 there arose a dispute as to the division to be made of this fund. The American Baptist Flag was issued from La Grange, Missouri, Dr. Ray, editor. Dr. J. F. Cook was president of La Grange College. Dr. John P. Greene had been a student at La Grange and was then in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, perhaps, and afterwards, up to 1882 or 1883, pastor of a church in Louisville, Kentucky. Dr. G. A. Lofton was pastor of the Third Baptist Church, in St. Louis, and Dr. W. W. Boyd, pastor of the Second Church, St. Louis. It was largely Dr. Williams' impartial attitude toward the schools and toward all our institutions, for that matter, which won for him complete triumph for his enterprise. In nine years after I went with Dr. Williams on the paper and when the great servant of God was suddenly called to his heavenly home, his paper had won the universal support of Missouri Baptists. It was largely through his influence and that of Dr. Yeaman that harmony was brought about and all opposition to the General Association was overcome. Missouri Baptists should build two monuments, one to each of these men. Ah! They are already built—monuments more enduring than marble.

CHAPTER III

The Missouri Baptist General Association

FOURTEEN years after Missouri was made a state in the union of states in the federal government, or in 1834, the first real steps toward the organization of the General Association were taken. The entire population of the state at that time was about 250,000. The body was first spoken of as the "Central Society." Jeremiah Vardeman, Fielding Wilhite, Thos. Fristoe, William H. Mansfield, Ebenezer Rogers, Anderson Woods and James Suggett, are referred to as the main instigators of the movement. The first meeting beginning the organization was held at Providence, a country church in Callaway County, not far from the little town now New Bloomfield. In fact, the church at New Bloomfield is a continuation of the Providence Church. Some years ago the writer dedicated the meeting-house at New Bloomfield, and found many of the descendants of members of Providence Church.

The second meeting of the new organization was held at the Bonne Femme church in Boone County, and it was at this meeting that a Constitution was adopted and the real organization effected. The Rev. Jeremiah Vardeman was the moderator at each of these first meetings. Arrangements are being effected for a celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the General Association to be held in 1934.

My first attendance upon the meetings of the Missouri Baptist General Association was at Lexington, Missouri, in the fall of 1877. The annual sermon was preached by Dr. Geo. A. Lofton, then pastor of the Third Church, St. Louis. Brother L. B. Ely had been moderator the year before. Rev. M. L. Laws was the State Sunday School Secretary, employed by a State Sunday School Convention which had no organic connection with the General Association. He was a good, bright, shrewd man. Just before the election of a moderator, Dr. Laws involved the former moderator in a parliamentary tangle which exposed the good moderator's want of expert knowledge of parliamentary practice and then nominated Dr. W. Pope Yeaman for the position. Dr. Yeaman was chosen as moderator and E. W. Stephens, clerk. The most captivating speaker I heard at this meeting was Dr. W. W. Boyd, then pastor of the Second Baptist Church in St. Louis. Dr. Boyd related an incident showing how the Almighty could take care of one of His servants who bravely rendered implicit obedience to the teaching of His Word. As I remember the story, it ran something like this: A young man, the son of a well-to-do farmer in New England, notwithstanding his parents were both avowed infidels, refusing to have a copy of the Scriptures in their home, attended a meeting, held with a little Baptist Church that worshipped in the school house, some miles away, and was soundly converted. He asked his father's permission to be baptized and join the school-house church. The father, with determined and bitter indignation, told his son that he not only would not

give his consent but if he took the step he had in mind he would have to leave the parental roof and, furthermore, he would be obliged to him if he would renounce his name and never call himself by the name of his parents. "Why," the young man said, "I could not do that, father. I could not leave you and mother." But as the days went by the young man said that at night the Lord Jesus would seem to stand before him and to say, "Who will you follow, your parents or me?" So finally he determined to forsake all and follow Jesus. He asked his mother to put his clothes in the carpet-sack and he took his leave, neither father nor mother even bidding him an affectionate good-bye. He went over on the next Saturday and joined the school-house church and on Sunday he was to be baptized in a pond beyond which arose a big hill, called Beaver Hill. The young man said there was a dear, old sister in the little church who had instructed, advised and encouraged him through all the dark experience. So as he was about to go down into the water the congregation on the bank was singing:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee.
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be."

The dear old sister seemed to know instinctively the struggle going on in the young man's mind, and so said to him, "Will, how do you feel?" "Ah," the young man replied, "Madam, there is a load on me as big as Beaver Hill." The reply was, "Yes, Will, and that is the devil, and if you go in he'll

never wet his feet in the baptismal waters." The young hero went in and, he said, as the old Baptist preacher raised him from the watery grave, the congregation, on the bank, broke out singing:

"Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior too,
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Show thy face and all is light."

"Ah," said the young man, "there came into my soul a flood of light and I came up praising God." He said: "I hired myself to a farmer; the little church licensed me to preach; my name was in the minutes of the Association. I preached occasionally at the school-house and at some other points. I prayed daily that some way might be opened for me to gain an education for my life work.

"One day when I was working in the field my farmer employer, a deacon in the school-house church, brought me a letter. It was posted at New York. I opened it and found it contained New York Exchange in the amount of \$85.00 payable to me. The message read: 'I am a friend, I wish to have an interview with you concerning a matter about which I am sure we are both interested. I am enclosing you \$85.00 which will pay your expenses to New York and return. If you will kindly meet me at a certain hotel, at which you will please register when you arrive, I will meet you there.' I met him.

He had engaged a room for me. When we were alone he asked me if I would go with him over to his church and speak at a devotional meeting. I consented and spoke and when we returned to our hotel he said to me, 'I know your entire history. I tithe my income, and have several thousands of dollars of the Lord's money. I have wanted to invest some of it in the education of a young preacher and if you will accept it I will bear your entire expenses to college and the Seminary.'"

The young man told him that for two years, or ever since he was licensed to preach, he had prayed that some way might be provided for him to get an education and that he would accept his proposition upon one condition and that was that if he ever was settled in a pastorate, if possible, he would return the money to be given to some other poor boy who wanted to prepare to preach the gospel. The conditions were accepted and seven years were spent in college and seminary. The young man had not seen nor heard directly from his parents in all those long years. During his last year at the seminary he received a letter which he recognized in a moment as addressed in his father's handwriting. With nervous anxiety, he tore the envelope and found that it enclosed a money order for \$100.00 and the request "Dear Will: I am enclosing expense for the trip. Will you please come home? Your mother and I wish to see you once more." The next train took the young man to the old home.

Father and mother stood at the gate to extend a parental welcome. The father said: "Will, first of

all, will you go with us into the parlor and allow us to tell you of one special purpose for which we have sent for you?" There, upon the center-table, lay a fine copy of the Bible. The father sat by the table and, placing his hand on the great Book, he said, "Will, your mother and I have been reading this Book and have reached the conclusion that you were right and we were wrong. Now we are received as candidates for baptism at the school-house church, and since you are now an ordained minister, an announcement has been made that you will baptize us, if you will, on tomorrow morning." So the young man led his father and mother down into the pond at Beaver Hill, and in the presence of a thousand, sympathetic spectators buried them with Christ in baptism. "And every one that hath left houses or brethren or sisters or father or mother or children or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred fold and shall inherit eternal life." Matthew 19:29.

The meeting of the General Association at Lexington was a disappointment to me. Rev. Joshua Hickman had served as corresponding secretary of the State Mission Board. The entire gifts of the churches amounted to only a few hundreds of dollars more than the salary and expenses of the secretary. Notwithstanding the dismal failure of the work I heard nothing but praise of the secretary, Rev. Hickman. There seemed to be a sort of suspicion that something was wrong somewhere. I did not understand.

The second meeting of the Association which I attended was the meeting the next year held at Mexico, Missouri.

At this meeting the opposition to the work of the general body took definite form. As I have observed in a former chapter in my story there were, especially, two kinds of real Baptists in Missouri. I do not know how to describe these kinds better than to speak of them as radical, or ultra and belligerent, on the one hand and conservative and moderate on the other. These two kinds gathered respectively around two standards: one, the American Baptist Flag, originally the Baptist Battle Flag, the other, the Central Baptist. The failure in state mission work was even more deplorable than the year before and Secretary Hickman met a nervous breakdown so that he was unable to be present at the meeting. Dr. Yeaman was again chosen as moderator and I will say that never in my life have I known a finer, abler presiding officer, kind, cultured, just, quick of discernment, a powerful personality. Yeaman was a born leader of men. There grew up in this meeting a sentiment in favor of calling Dr. Yeaman to take up the cause of the General Association. He was chosen but those who had arrayed themselves against the work of the body offered, as their main criticism, the overhead expense of the work. Arrangements were made to have Dr. Yeaman devote only a small part of his time to the work and the remuneration was specified to be almost nothing, perhaps \$25.00 per month. It was only a short time, however, until it was announced that private individuals had arranged to pay the salary and expenses of the corresponding secretary so that all the contributions of the churches would be devoted entirely to mission work. This was one

of the finest ideas that was ever originated. It untied the hands of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, man that Missouri ever had and rendered him immune from the grumblers and fault-finders and it was really the "turning point" in the history of our Baptist cause in Missouri. Dr. Yeaman was a truly great man, great in natural endowments, in culture and refinement and, best of all, a Christian gentleman of the highest type. I really never saw Dr. Yeaman in any company where he did not appear to be the "biggest man in the crowd." His travels over the state, his contact with men of affairs, with leaders of other Christian denominations gave to Missouri Baptists a standing they had never had. Then the coming of Dr. Williams in 1882, a man of broad culture and refinement of the old Virginia type, to own and edit the denominational paper, made a combination of power, along with the blessing of God, which swept all opposition before it.

It seemed to this writer an egregious blunder when the State Mission Board dismissed Dr. Yeaman from the secretaryship in 1886 which led the great man to write the following bitter words in his fine history of the General Association, "The Corresponding Secretary," referring to himself, "might have been successful in the political episode if he had been willing to resort to means of election as reprehensible as some used to compass his displacement as corresponding secretary." The ostensible reason for displacing Dr. Yeaman was that he had permitted his name to be put forward by the

Democratic party as a candidate for Congress in the district in which he resided.

Going back now to the thread of my story, I may say that from 1878 to 1886 Dr. Yeaman, with the cooperation of other good men, especially Dr. J. C. Maple, who was for years president of the State Mission Board, and the fine influence of Dr. W. H. Williams, with the power of the denominational paper, laid the foundations for our Baptist cause in Missouri which have not been moved by our many blunders and our remissness as to meeting the full challenge of our opportunities.

My Own Official Connection With the General Association and Related Matters

When I had traversed Missouri, as field editor of the Central Baptist I was greatly impressed with the state as to the richness and variety of its natural resources. After all my experience of observation and travel I unhesitatingly give it as my opinion that Missouri is the greatest, most potential of all the fine commonwealths of the nation. First, Location: It is the center of the continent. Almost all the great trunk railroads, linking the East and the West, pass through Missouri. When the national Federal Reserve Banks were located by the financial experts of the nation, two were located in Missouri, in no other state more than one. Why? Because of her location. The great arteries of commerce and the great aggregations of wealth are destined to find home in Missouri. Second, Her Climate: Missouri is neither cold nor hot—cold enough to put

physical vigor into its people and warm enough to allow activity in business the year around and to grow a larger variety of crops than any other state. Third, Water Supply: The Missouri and Mississippi Rivers constitute the greatest water-course in the country. The Missouri borders half the state on the west and then crosses the state from west to east. The Mississippi bounds the state on the east. Then we have in southern Missouri some of the largest springs in the world and a mountainous section which constitutes the possibility of utilizing water power unsurpassed in the whole world. Fourth, Missouri's Population: The state has a population approaching 4,000,000 and perhaps as large a per cent of pure American blood as any other state. The Mississippi and Missouri valleys form the largest and richest farming section in the country which might be spoken of as the granary of the world; and the two largest cities, Kansas City and St. Louis, in these valleys, are located in Missouri.

In view of these facts, mission work in Missouri means perhaps more than in any other state. The day is coming when it will be said: "As goes Missouri, so goes the whole country." At least it will be more truly said of Missouri than of any other state.

When I saw Missouri in my travels for the Central Baptist, I longed to devote myself to mission work in the state. What I tried to pray for was that somehow I might be made an assistant to Dr. Yeaman, but I never divulged my feelings to a mortal.

In the early fall of 1886, on a Sunday, as I arose

to preach at the session of the Concord Association, meeting at Big Lick Church, in Cooper County, a messenger from Boonville handed me a telegram, just at the moment I was to read my text. The telegram sent by my brother in North Carolina, read, "Mother at point of death. Come home." I knew there was no chance for me to reach a train for St. Louis before night, so I determined to preach and then go. Dr. Ray Palmer, who was then pastor at Jefferson City, prayed a prayer never to be forgotten, after I had publicly read the telegram. I recalled the last words my mother had said to me upon leaving her the last time I had seen her. They were, "My son, be faithful to your calling and if we meet no more on earth we will hope to meet in heaven." It was my custom to remember her last words. The memory of those words nerved me and I preached. Bro. W. M. Tipton, D. D., who was pastor at Big Lick, told me that he baptized more than thirty persons, who dated their conviction from the services of that blessed day. There are many people now living who remember that day.

I went to the old home, found mother still on this side of the river, but the brother who had remained at home, a man of stalwart physique, was stricken and, for days, both lay between life and death but both were spared. I did not get back to Missouri until after the General Association had held its session at Moberly, in 1886, at which time Dr. Yeaman was displaced as corresponding secretary of the State Mission Board. I was both surprised and grieved. Some months before this I had come to Kansas City and we had opened a branch office of

the Central Baptist here. I, of course, stopped in St. Louis and Dr. Williams told me that he had gone before the State Mission Board at Moberly and prevented the Board from electing me to follow Dr. Yeaman, as Secretary of State Missions, and that the board was having Ex-Governor Hardin and Dr. J. C. Armstrong to do the office work of the position, waiting my return and my decision. Dr. Williams told me that he had gone before the board at the time my election was proposed and requested the board not to consider me for the position as he would not consent to my leaving him and the work of the paper. When he asked me how I felt about the matter I told him about the feelings I had entertained in regard to State Missions in Missouri. I told him that I had tried to pray that I might be made some sort of assistant to Dr. Yeaman, but that I never had thought of being able to take Dr. Yeaman's place. I told him, however, that as Secretary, I might be able to do as much for the paper as I could if I retained my connection with it.

After our conference he at once telegraphed Ex-Governor Hardin, the chairman of the board, withdrawing his objections, and, at a called meeting in December, I was elected to the secretaryship. I knew that Dr. Yeaman and his friends were aggrieved over the manner in which he had terminated his service with the board and that the board was burdened with debt, so the very first thing I should do, as I saw it, would be to ascertain what would be the attitude of Dr. Yeaman toward me if I should accept the work. However, before I could communicate with Dr. Yeaman he had heard of my

election and wrote for the Central Baptist an endorsement of me that really threw his great influence and the influence of all his friends to my support, and, of course, thereby to the work of the board that he and his friends felt had perpetrated a grievous wrong against him. That action, on his part, only revealed the breadth of the Christian manhood of the man of whom I have already spoken. Dr. Yeaman was one man that I never knew to have been guilty of a small, selfish act. He was a "big man" in all that term can mean.

At the time I was elected as secretary I had an engagement with Dr. Sam Frank Taylor to assist him in meetings with his church at Columbia. I went there to fulfill my engagement and was there when I decided to undertake the work. I was a guest in the home of Dr. A. F. Fleet, then a teacher in the Missouri State University. On a night during this meeting I went to the pulpit really in the throes of a malarial chill. At the close of the service I was so nervously unstrung that there was no sleep for me. Then there was upon me every waking hour, the anxiety concerning my decision as to the responsible position to which I had been called and the inviting, ripe field for missions in Missouri. I spent, there in the home of dear Dr. Fleet, one of the only two nights I ever spent, in their entirety, trying to pray. Before the morning dawned I composed and wrote the song, "Missouri for Jesus."

(1) "Missouri for Jesus of this will I sing,
To thee my adopted, this tribute I bring,
The home of my childhood is precious to me
But the God of all nations will let me love thee.

Chorus

Missouri for Jesus, O, grant it, dear Lord,
Hail all ye good people, be this your reward,
And when the dear Master shall bid us all come
May you and your children be safe gathered home.

(2) Ye men of Missouri, this God favored land
Oh! Why in the conflict do you idly stand?
While sin and destruction and ruin and blight
Are wrapping your sons in the mantle of night.

Chorus

(3) Missouri for Jesus, come join the refrain
Ye sons of redemption his gospel proclaim.
In prayer, and in service, in gift and in song
While all your dear children the chorus prolong.

Chorus

(4) Missouri for Jesus, how shall we refrain?
We are marching to conquest in his blessed name,
The deserts shall blossom, the mountains shall sing,
And heaven's high arches with the chorus shall ring."

Chorus

For several reasons I hesitated to enter upon the responsible position to which I had been called. 1. I was a young man—scarcely out of my twenties. 2. I was following our greatest man, in many ways. 3. The board was in debt. 4. There was still a remnant of opposition to, and criticism of, the General Association and its work. 5. I had been with the Central Baptist and had supported Dr. Yeaman. Dr. Ray with his newspaper, the American Baptist Flag, had opposed Dr. Yeaman and his work.

I went to see Dr. Ray. I made a request of him. It was that in case he was told that I had dealt unfairly with him or his Flag, before publishing me in his paper, he would see me and talk the matter over. He shook hands with me and agreed with me. From that morning Dr. Ray, and his paper supported me and my work. In fact he made a personal contribution of \$25.00 to state missions that very year. We "came to an understanding." It taught me the lesson that many matters which cause division among the Lord's people might be amicably settled by a personal private conference.

I suppose it will not be out of place for me to publish here a page or two from Dr. Yeaman's History of the Missouri Baptist General Association. On page 214 Dr. Yeaman says: "At the meeting of the Board of State Missions in the month of December, 1886, Rev. S. M. Brown was elected Corresponding Secretary. He at once entered upon the work with that energy and zeal that has distinguished his ministry in this state for (now) full twenty years. He is a preacher of extraordinary power and with a popularity to be almost envied. He brought to his office work all the resources of speech and pen, and created for himself and his work a most favorable impression upon the great body of Baptists in the state. His earnest sermons—always listened to by large crowds—his fervent appeals for the missionaries, his touching and entertaining anecdotes, his solo presentations of his own original songs—sung by him with great effect—called forth liberal contributions and made for him hosts of friends. His suc-

cess in the financial work of state missions and his popularity as a preacher, brought to him great influence in the councils of the denomination. How he has endured such a volume of work as he has performed is an amazement to his friends, who have all along suffered apprehension that his seeming physical vitality was not equal to such herculean performances. But he enjoys a firm conviction that the Infinite Father has been his help, his strength and his stay.

“Bro. Brown continued by annual reelection to fill the office of Corresponding Secretary until October, 1889.”

Dr. Yeaman says in his history: “The following summary of state mission work for these years will exhibit the efficiency of his labors.”

For the year ending October, 1887:

General Missionaries	42
Local Missionaries	5
Churches aided	26
Baptisms	646
Total Collections for the year.....	\$12,046.18
Amount expended	9,668.48

For the year ending October, 1888:

General Missionaries	4
Local Missionaries	13
Churches aided	41
Total Collections for the year.....	\$15,519.57
Amount expended	13,886.02

For the year ending October, 1889:

Total number of Missionaries.....	58
Number of churches aided	37
Number of baptisms	1,148
Total Collections	\$16,567.43
Expended	16,490.41

“At the meeting in October, 1889, Rev. S. M. Brown declined reelection to the secretaryship. The board in its report for 1890 says, ‘Rev. S. M. Brown was reelected Corresponding Secretary, but after one month’s consideration of the matter decided that it was his duty to retire from a work which had begun to impair his strength. His decision seemed to be a calamity to the work of the board. His faithful services and his phenomenal success in raising money and in stimulating a wide interest in all our denominational enterprises seemed to make him a necessity to continued prosperity in state missions.’

“I may say that after some delay Dr. J. C. Armstrong was elected secretary to do office work only and the work was quite successful.”

Now taking up again Dr. Yeaman’s report in his “History of the Missouri Baptist General Association,” I quote the following:

“At the October meeting, 1890, of the State Mission Board, Rev. S. M. Brown was employed at a nominal salary to do the office work of corresponding secretary and to take general oversight of the work. Rev. Dr. A. F. Baker was continued as general missionary and collector for the portion of the

state lying south of the Missouri River, and Dr. A. C. Rafferty was called to a similar work in that part of the territory lying north of the river.

“For the year ending October, 1891:

Whole number of Missionaries	55
Sunday School Missionaries	2
Churches Aided	42
Baptisms	916
Collections	\$13,049.80
Expenditures	11,865.50

“At the October meeting of the board for 1891, Rev. S. M. Brown was reelected Corresponding Secretary.

“For the year ending October, 1892:

Missionaries employed	57
Churches aided	50
Baptisms	1,172
Collections for State Missions	\$13,687.69
Expenditures for State Missions	13,042.84

“Brother Brown, at the expiration of the Association year last named, finally retired from secretarial work and devoted himself to a mission he had founded in Kansas City and continued his labors with that interest until it became a flourishing and self-sustaining church. He then, in 1897, resigned that pastorate to devote his energies and talent to editorial work on the Word and Way, a Baptist journal founded by him and Rev. R. K. Maiden, D. D.”

Thus ended my work as Secretary. It was delightful in every way. I never had to report a debt.

At the meeting in 1888 we had a balance in the treasury of \$2700.00. In 1889, it will be seen, that state missions made the largest report in every way that had ever been made, surpassing in every respect, even the semi-centennial year. In that year I was able to report 167 baptisms in meetings I held in connection with my work as Secretary.

If there ever was an adverse criticism of my work as secretary I never heard of it. Ex-Governor Hardin was president of the board during my secretaryship.

At the time of my election I requested the board to see that the missionaries were paid promptly, for they needed their money. Ex-Governor Hardin arose immediately and addressing the treasurer of the board said, "Let it be distinctly understood from this day that if the money is not in the treasury of this board to pay any missionary in the employ of this board at the time it is due, then the treasurer is to draw on Charles H. Hardin for the amount and the board will not be in debt to me."

At the meeting of the General Association in 1879, the Second Baptist Church, St. Louis, Dr. W. W. Boyd, pastor, was denied representation in the session of the body. In 1889, ten years later, Dr. Boyd asked me to occupy his pulpit on a Sunday morning when he was present and at the close of my sermon he arose and recommended that an appropriation of \$500.00 be made by the church to the cause I represented. It was voted immediately and a five hundred dollar check was placed in my hand. Let it be understood that the purchasing power of

money in those days was twice to three times what it is today. There were only two other churches in the state that gave that much money to state missions.

How was it that I had such pleasant sailing on the denominational sea after all the storms that had beset the denominational craft in former years? Ah! I can tell you. Other men labored and I entered into their labors. Yeaman had laid the foundation that I built upon. Frank Ely, that princely merchant of the firm of Ely, Walker Co., St. Louis, told me to look over Missouri and when I found a place where, in my judgment, a contribution of \$100.00 would afford great help, to report the case to him. I made a few reports to the rich man and he invariably wrote me the check for \$100.00. One year, 1889, when I feared I was going to have a debt on state missions, some one heard of my fears and the following brethren stood ready to help me out in case I needed it: Charles H. Hardin, W. F. Elliott, T. M. James, John B. Wornall, A. C. Avery, L. B. Ely, Frank Ely, W. P. Crosswhite, W. M. Senter, A. D. Brown. I did not have to call upon them. How could one fail to succeed when the battles had been fought and the victories already won, and when one was being backed by such men—wealthy, godly laymen—as I have just named? I have named these men from memory but I am almost absolutely certain that I have the correct list. They volunteered to help me. I did not ask them but I closed the year without debt. I will state that I was a member of the State Board twenty-nine years.

CHAPTER IV

My Work in Kansas City

IN ATTENDING the district associations as Secretary of Missions in the year 1889, I was present in the session of North Liberty Association in the territory in which William Jewell College was located. Dr. A. J. Emerson was a teacher in William Jewell and was a sort of leader of a band of ministerial students who came over to Kansas City—fourteen miles away—and did mission work in and about the city at the week-ends. At the meeting of the district association of which I have spoken Dr. Emerson related an experience that some of the preacher boys had come across which struck me as one of the saddest stories I had ever heard. Two young men, he said, had come to Kansas City from some distant state and had spent all the money they had in reckless wicked living. They were reduced to penury and had to resort to common drudgery to obtain any sort of subsistence. They were employed in digging the excavation for the piers of the Milwaukee Railroad bridge across the Missouri River some miles below the city. They were working on the Clay County, that is, the opposite side of the river from the city, when an accident occurred and stones tumbled into the excavation injuring several persons, fatally crushing one of these young men. He was taken from the pit and a physician was called from the city to attend him. Upon ex-

amination of his injuries it was evident to the doctor that the young man, though altogether conscious, could not live but a short time and he frankly told the young fellow that he was bound to die. "But," the young man said, "I am not prepared to die." "You must die, anyway," the doctor said, "and if you have any message to leave you had better commit it to some one at once." Then the dying young man requested the doctor to pray for him but the doctor told him that he was not a praying man and bade the young fellow good-bye. When the doctor was gone the poor fellow asked his chum to pray for him but was assured by his wicked companion that he was not fit to pray for a dying man. Then the poor fellow said, "Well, Jim, won't you sing one of the old songs they used to sing at home?" The friend did not know the songs. Then, as a last request, he asked that some one secure a Bible and read something from the old Book that his mother loved and a search was made in the tents where the working men lived for the time being and in the nearby little houses but not a copy of the Scriptures could be found. So, as his last words, he said to his chum, "Jim, if you live to see mother and sister tell them that I said it was hard to die so far from home and without a prayer or a song or a word from the Bible, but tell them it was infinitely harder to die so far from God as I am today."

The story was awful. The incident occurred only a few miles from where I lived. I was Superintendent of Missions. I had at the time a box of ~~hundreds~~ of copies of the Scriptures in my office

in the city. Had I been remiss? Was it my fault? The Bibles had been sent me by the American Baptist Publication Society to be given away. Dr. C. C. Bitting of the Society was my friend. I left the meeting. I went down a ravine into the woods. I prayed and wept. There was Kansas City—thousands of young men in Kansas City going the same, dark road. Ah! Down in that ravine I asked God to let me preach the gospel in Kansas City.

At the end of that very year I had a nervous breakdown—overwork—the board recalled me twice, but my father-in-law, Dr. Everingham, a great physician, said that to continue meant complete, physical ruin. I wanted to go on. I believed I could and, sure enough, in thirty days I was as well as ever. But so soon as my resignation was accepted by the board, Dr. Williams placed my name beside his own as editor, with him, of the Central Baptist. It remained there until I assumed the secretaryship again the next year. I was still occupying the office of the Central Baptist at Sixth and Delaware Streets, Kansas City. The office was in the T. M. James building and Deacon James had an office adjoining my little room—we really officed together. Deacon John B. Wornall, a wealthy Baptist, president of the board of trustees of William Jewell College, and Deacon James were, I may say, leading Baptists in Kansas City. One morning, soon after my resignation as secretary, I overheard a conversation between these two deacons in which I could hear my name called but could not get the nature of their talk, or what they were talking about. Soon they came into my little room and

Deacon Wornall said to me, "Mr. James and I have a proposition to make to you. We want you to do for Kansas City what you have been doing for the whole state and we will obligate ourselves to pay you a salary. We want you to preach where you please and to take charge of mission work in Kansas City." I told them immediately that was exactly what I wanted to do and the memory of the experience in the ravine came to me.

I at once entered upon the work. We had two missions on what was then the south side of Kansas City. One was located at Twenty-second and Charlotte and the other at Thirty-first and Oak. They had both had a "fuss" and were about to die. We had a frame building at Twenty-second and Charlotte. It was sixty feet long and forty feet wide. I obtained the consent of twenty-two members at Charlotte and six at Oak to unite. We got the building at Charlotte on wheels and rolled it up to Thirtieth and Holmes Streets. We purchased a lot at Thirtieth and Holmes with one hundred and five front feet. We added a building sixty by forty feet on the side of the old building, which made an immense auditorium. We organized the new church and called it Tabernacle. I was the pastor. I had twenty-two from Charlotte Street and six from Oak Street but I found other Baptists in the community and organized with sixty-two members. When I was recalled to the secretaryship the next year, 1890, I accepted the work with the understanding that I was to keep my pastorate and get William Jewell College students to help me when I went out in state mission work. I had Rev. H. E. Tralle one

summer and Rev. C. M. Truex another summer. Those fine young men did a fine work with me. Dr. W. R. Rothwell, then acting president of William Jewell College, was with me and preached on the Sunday we organized the church. I was Secretary of State Missions in 1891 and 1892 in connection with my pastorate. When I resigned the secretaryship, Dr. Williams again put my name with his on the Central Baptist. I worked with him. In the eight years and more I was pastor at Tabernacle first, I baptized over one hundred men over twenty-one years old. One Sunday morning soon after we organized the church I arose early, was ready to preach an hour before the time, and recalled the story of the young man at the bridge. So I wrote that morning the song entitled,

“DYING FROM HOME AND LOST”

- (1) “Companion draw nigh they say I must die.
Early the summons has come from on high.
The way is so dark but yet I must go.
Oh that such sorrow you never may know.

Chorus

Only a prayer, only a tear,
Oh, if sister and mother were here.
Only a song 'twould comfort and cheer.
Only a word from that Book so dear.

- (2) Ah, can you not bow and pray with me now?
Sad the regret we have never learned how
To come before Him who only can save

Leading in triumph through death and the
grave.

Chorus

- (3) And can you not sing a song of His love
How He came down from the mansions above
To bleed and to die on Calvary's tree,
Bringing salvation to sinners like me.

Chorus

- (4) Alas, it is so, but thus it must be
No word of comfort or promise for me
To die without God or hope in his Son
Covered in darkness, bereaved and undone.

Chorus

- (5) O, people of God, who have His blest Word,
Will you not heed the command of your Lord
And publish to all of Adam's lost race,
Pardon, forgiveness, salvation through grace."

Chorus

I printed this song on a card which I sold for ten cents the copy and with the money from the sale of these cards I paid for the seats for our church. I believe they are still used in the Tabernacle Church.

Our church was a mission church. We built an addition to a frame building we rented on Seventeenth Street—about Seventeenth and Locust—at which we conducted Sunday School and preaching services and I baptized many persons from that mission.

In 1896, I conceived the idea of beginning the publication of a Baptist weekly newspaper at Kansas City.

In 1897 I found that the paper required more of my time than I could devote to it and do the work of the pastorate of a large church, for the church had grown to nearly five hundred members. So I tendered my resignation as pastor and devoted a year to the paper, mostly in the field, building a circulation. Now during my pastorate at Tabernacle we conducted a mission Sunday School and I preached occasionally in a hall on Euclid Avenue and Thirtieth Street. I should say also that at the time of my resignation at the Tabernacle there were a number of the brethren who wanted me to retain the pastorate, giving such time to the paper as in my judgment was necessary. So there was quite a division of sentiment. During the year I was spending in the field in the interest of the paper some sixty members of the Tabernacle went to the mission at Thirtieth and Euclid and organized a church. The location was far away from any other Baptist church and the organization was endorsed and commended by the City Mission Board. This new church called me as pastor with the understanding and agreement that I was not expected to do pastoral work, only to preach when it was not necessary for me to be out in the interest of the paper. This work grew on me and the brethren made of this church the most model Baptist church that I have ever known. A lot was purchased and a nice brick meeting-house was built at Thirty-fourth and Michigan. I was pastor thirteen years. The church

grew to about five hundred members. There were several members who would occupy the pulpit if the pastor was absent. For some years every officer of our great Blue River Association was a member of this church. Mr. J. M. Davison was the Moderator; Clyde E. Hunt, Clerk; and G. M. Jordan, Treasurer. The church never received any assistance from either the State or District Mission Board but was self-sustaining from the time of its organization.

We sustained a mission on South Troost. I held a revival meeting out there in a little hall and we organized a church. It is now the Rockhill Church. This mission was largely the work of Clyde E. Hunt and others.

We sustained a mission on Forest Avenue, which had been planted by the Tabernacle Church, but abandoned. I held meetings there and we organized a church. That is the Forest Avenue Church now. N. E. Booe had much to do with this mission.

We organized a mission about Forty-fourth and Garfield. I held meetings there and we organized a church. That church moved over on Michigan and is now a good church—the Michigan Avenue Church.

We did all this work without the help of any board. The memory of the devotion, sacrifice and work of these brethren and sisters is an amazement to me. They literally dotted the south side of Kansas City over with Baptist churches. Tabernacle, Leeds, Rock Hill, Forest Avenue, Michigan Avenue

were all organized under my labors. Our churches at Tabernacle and Michigan Avenue paid the rent for the places in which we worshipped and furnished the workers to start these churches. I often feel that if the Lord had not permitted me to do anything more, this work in my pastorates in Kansas City would have been my share.

At one time, the First Baptist Church owned and worshipped at the corner of Twelfth and Baltimore, where the Muehlebach Hotel now stands. The property was given the church by an eastern Baptist. The church sold the property for \$150,000.00. Rev. Ben Otto was the pastor. Against the protest of the Michigan Avenue Church, which had been located in the community for thirteen years, against the protest of the Benton Boulevard Church at Twenty-fifth and Benton, and against the protest of the City Mission Board the First Church purchased a lot and built a fine meeting house at the present site, Linwood and Park, four blocks from the Michigan Avenue Church. The situation gave promise of overlapping and trouble. In 1911 the Tabernacle Church had partially completed the large stone edifice in which the church now worships. The church was without a pastor and was about to lose the property on account of debt. The church appealed to our church to come to their relief and to me to return to my old pastorate. The Michigan Avenue Church felt that the First Church with its larger membership, with the money for which it had sold its down-town property, and with its location on the Boulevard would have the advantage of our smaller body that had to go down

in its pocket for all it had. The two churches located in the very same community with the opportunity to save Tabernacle and rid the Baptist cause of an ugly contest which would be kept up so long as the two bodies remained in such close proximity, determined us to consider Tabernacle's appeal. And so the Michigan Avenue Church went in a body back to Tabernacle, sold its property for six thousand five hundred dollars and put it on the debt of the Tabernacle. I became pastor of the united church and at the end of three years we had put in the fine pipe organ, a new furnace, paid off hundreds of dollars on old debts, and added one hundred and forty new members to the church, which brought the membership to above one thousand one hundred.

Thus ended my pastoral work. For years I felt a loneliness when Sunday came, and really feel it somewhat to this day. To be a pastor of a loyal New Testament church and have the love and hearty support of a great body of the Lord's people is about the finest, most charming calling and privilege that God ever gave to a mortal man. I preached to a number of persons who were at Tabernacle during my first pastorate, went to Michigan Avenue and returned with me to Tabernacle. So I was their pastor for nearly twenty-five years.

I shall always treasure the fellowship I had with the pastors of our different Baptist churches in Kansas City and vicinity. Dr. J. O. B. Lowery was pastor at Calvary. He was scholarly, cultured, a prince among men. I aided him in meetings when

the Calvary Church was located at Eleventh and Grand. He was my dear, good friend. Dr. T. E. Vassar was pastor for some years of the First Church. He was one of the most lovable men Missouri ever had. He helped me in meetings at Tabernacle and I was greatly honored by being about the only preacher he ever had to help him in meetings at the First Church. While I was secretary and resided in Kansas City, Rev. W. T. Campbell, my good friend, was pastor at Olive Street—now Central. Then dear Dr. F. C. McConnell came to Calvary. Dr. McConnell died not very long ago. Rev. H. W. Virgin was at Benton Boulevard and Dr. J. C. Armstrong at Westport. Dr. W. J. Williamson was at Bales. I loved him. Ah! the fellowship of those days is like a sweet dream.

I cannot close these observations concerning my work in Kansas City without referring again to John B. Wornall and T. M. James. Who ever heard tell of a proposition such as these two deacons made to me when I took up work in Kansas City? They obligated themselves to divide the amount between them and to pay me an ample salary. I did not have to call upon them. I got my salary from the mission but they were ready. I never had better friends than these good men. They were wealthy and devoted to our Baptist cause. I held two meetings with the Westport church and it so happened that three of Mr. Wornall's four sons were converted in these meetings.

In all my work as pastor in Kansas City I had with me, as my chorister, Prof. J. M. Hunt, a great musician and author of music. Mr. Hunt died re-

cently. We met first in 1879 when he joined me in a series of meetings at Butler, Missouri. We were both young men. We spent about thirty-five years of our lives together. We were authors of the following song books: "The Gospel Alarm," "Missionary Triumph," "Songs of Zion," "Songs of Zion No. 2." Many thousands of these books were sold. We held meetings together. In the meetings we held and in other meetings I have held I have seen more than ten thousand men and women and boys and girls come forward, in the public services, to confess Christ. We aided in a meeting at the old Fourth Church in St. Louis in 1885, at which there were between three hundred and four hundred baptized. Out of this meeting came three preachers, Rev. W. L. Nash, pastor in St. Louis more than twenty-five years, Rev. C. M. Howells and Prof. H. F. Parker of William Jewell College. I have held meetings in Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, Iowa, Illinois, Colorado, Louisiana, Tennessee, Mississippi, Virginia, North Carolina, Washington and Kentucky.

I have written six books: "Church Organization and Work," "Woman," "The Gospel in Nature," "Regular Baptism," "The Triune Name and Other Sermons," and "The Cross of Christ," besides the song-books. I have edited the Word and Way more than thirty-seven years and helped edit the Central Baptist about five years. From the best estimate I can make I have averaged more than two hundred sermons and addresses each year for fifty-eight years.

I am mentioning this volume of work in no boastful spirit but to show how good God has been to me and something of the privilege one has who is permitted to live and preach nearly sixty years. Evangelist Cates told me that he had seen a thousand men and women come forward to confess Christ while he was singing my song, "Dying From Home and Lost." God gave me that song. When I wrote the song, "Missouri for Jesus," I printed it on a card and sold it for ten cents the copy, and was able to contribute \$500.00 to State Missions from the sale of the song in one year, 1889.

CHAPTER V

The Word and Way and The Central Baptist

AS I have recited in this story of my experience, I went to St. Louis in 1884 and joined Dr. W. H. Williams, who had come to St. Louis from Charlottesville, Virginia, where he was pastor and in 1882 purchased from Mr. William Ferguson the Missouri Baptist paper, The Central Baptist. I say the Missouri Baptist paper for such was the Central Baptist. After several abortive attempts to have a weekly Baptist paper in 1866 a committee of the General Association composed of A. P. Williams, X. X. Buckner, W. R. Rothwell, Jessa A. Hollis, D. H. Hickman, Y. R. Pitts, W. R. Painter and S. A. Beauchamp made a united effort to establish a Baptist weekly for Missouri and finally the enterprise was begun at Palmyra, Missouri, and the Missouri Baptist Journal was launched. The editors were John Hill Lather and R. M. Rhoades. A paper called the Baptist Record was established, about the same time, in St. Louis. In 1868, the two papers were united at St. Louis and made the Central Baptist. Through all the years up to 1912, or until, at the instance of a committee appointed by the General Association, the paper was purchased by the Western Baptist Publishing Company, the Central Baptist was regarded as the denominational organ for Missouri Baptists. The paper was never owned by the Association nor were its editors appointed by that body. Part of the time the paper was owned

by a stock company and part of the time by an individual. When I became field editor of the paper in 1884, I spent most of my time for over two years, out in the field, endeavoring to increase the circulation but contributed to the columns of the paper constantly. Dr. Williams was not educated in any Baptist school in Missouri but was a graduate of Richmond College and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. The suspicion which had existed, whether well founded or not, that the paper was partial to one or two of our schools did not obtain anywhere after Dr. Williams' policy became known. In fact, he made friends of the smaller schools and gave every institution in the state a fair deal in the columns of the paper. It was this broad policy which Dr. Williams pursued that trebled the circulation of his paper in the ten years during which he was its owner and editor.

On August 22, 1893, I met Dr. Williams at a session of the North Liberty Association held at Kearney, Missouri. That night we lodged in the same private home and occupied adjoining rooms. Just at day-break on the morning of August 23rd I observed Dr. Williams standing by my bed before I awoke. I did not let him know that I observed him but after he walked away I knew he wanted to see me on some account, so I arose and went out to see what he wanted with me. He told me he had had a sleepless night. On the evening before, a brother—who is yet living—had objected to something which appeared in the paper and when Dr. Williams attempted, as was his custom, to explain and make friends, the brother had disputed his word. This,

of course, insulted the high-minded, just man that he was and so worried him that he could not sleep. We talked the matter over and he asked my advice. He went away from the meeting without reaching a satisfactory settlement with the brother, who was a good man but impetuous and quick-tempered. He left the meeting that day. I went with him to the depot. He stood on the rear end of the train and waved to me until he went over a rise and out of sight. I never saw him any more. For nine years we had been together. Neither one of us had taken a single turn in our career without consulting the other. I helped him build the Central Baptist and he had helped me in my secretarial work. My name was the only name he ever placed beside his own as editor of the paper with him. He did this without my consent or protest. We worked together. I never knew a more godly man nor one who prayed as much as Dr. Williams did. When he left me at Kearney, Missouri, he went to the meeting of the Wyaconda Association at Kahoka and preached there and the next evening he went with a number of the brethren down to Alexandria, Missouri, a railroad junction across the Mississippi River from Keokuk, Iowa. Sitting in the depot, waiting for a train to carry him down to La Grange, where he and his family were spending some of the hot summer days, he asked Deacon W. G. Brown of La Grange to sing an old song. As I remember, the opening verse of the song was:

“Now down into the waters will we young converts
go.

There went our Lord and Master when He was here below.

We lay our sinful bodies beneath the yielding wave,
An emblem of the Savior as He lay in the grave."

While the deacon was singing Dr. Williams lurched forward in his seat and when they laid him down he was dead.

The circumstance I have just related concerning the incident which worried Dr. Williams is here published for the first time. I have always feared that it contributed to his untimely death. Perhaps it did not. The night following the sleepless night at Kearney, Dr. Williams was out of Quincy, Illinois, on a two o'clock train in the morning—the morning of the day he died.

I am relating this incident that it may teach all two lessons: 1st. We should be careful not to wound the feelings of our brethren unnecessarily, and, 2nd. Do not undertake to do too much. Dr. Williams was a man of apparent stalwart physical manhood, weighing some two hundred pounds, and was only fifty-three years old when he went home.

Mr. A. W. Payne had been connected with the office work of the paper for some years prior to Dr. Williams' demise. He knew all about the business of the paper so that his continuance with the enterprise seemed imperative. Rev. J. E. Cook, who was a pastor in St. Louis, took charge of all the sad task of having the remains of Dr. Williams looked after and was of great assistance to the family in their dark hour of trial. He went into the

office of the paper and took up Dr. Williams' work for the time being and the family, as will appear from extracts from certain private letters to me, which I shall insert here, entertained an idea of having him take Dr. Williams' place as editor of the paper. Mr. Payne was of the decided opinion that Dr. Armstrong should be the editor. With this opinion of Mr. Payne I thoroughly agreed.

Because of some flagrant misrepresentations of what occurred at this time, I cannot be blamed for publishing here a detailed account of exactly what did happen. This is my good and valid excuse for printing here extracts from private letters, which I have in my possession to this day. Another reason for printing extracts from these letters is the fine spirit of the Williams family which they disclose.

Under date of Sept. 13, 1893—Dr. Williams had died August 24—I received the following letter from Miss May Belle Williams, afterward Mrs. Dr. W. J. McGlothlin:

"St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 13, 1893
3860 Washington Ave.

My Dear Friend:

Mamma has asked me to write to you telling you everything. The paper has been appraised at ten thousand dollars (\$10,000.00) and Mr. Jones, our administrator, has permission from the Judge to sell the paper at private sale to mamma. * * *

Now Mr. Brown do you think we have done the best thing in buying the paper?

You know how mamma feels about it without my telling you again. I know that next to her children she loves the paper more than anything in this world. She feels that in carrying on the paper she is carrying on papa's work, not so much for the money she gets out of it, as for the glory of God. All we want is a living and that as simple and plain as can be, and I believe God will help us. I do not believe that all the prayers Papa offered, nor all the prayers the friends are offering for us are lost. God will sustain and is sustaining.

If you think we have done right and have time, please write and tell mamma so, for a word of assurance from you means so much to her.

If we engage Mr. Ernest Cook as editor of the paper, will it be best to give him a salary, or divide the net proceeds? For how long a time do you think the contract ought to hold? You know there is an understanding that he shall hold that position, but there has been no contract. I think it is only due him, and also his church, for us to settle this as soon as possible. We cannot decide it by ourselves and I know Papa would want us to go to you and Dr. Greene. * * *

Mr. Brown, you can never know how we all love you. We thought we loved you before, but now—'Our love cannot be spoken.'

"May Belle Williams."

After consulting with leading brethren I found that the almost universal opinion was that Dr. Armstrong was the logical person to assume the editor-

ship of the paper. With this opinion I most heartily agreed. In a short time I was informed that the whole matter of who should edit the paper was left to Dr. Greene and myself. Mr. Payne told me that if any other arrangement was made, except to have Dr. Armstrong, he would not remain with the paper. I felt that in view of his perfect knowledge of the business, Mr. Payne was a necessity. I had information that Dr. Greene and I were expected to meet in St. Louis—I was pastor in Kansas City—on a certain date and settle the matter of who should edit the paper. This was agreed to by Mrs. Williams and all concerned. I went to St. Louis. Mr. Payne met me at the depot and informed me that Dr. Greene would not be present and that the whole matter was left to me. Dr. Cook had been editing the paper since Dr. Williams' death. I have always surmised that while Dr. Greene agreed with me that Dr. Armstrong was the logical person to assume the position, his warm personal friendship for Dr. Cook led him to hesitate to bear a part with me in displacing Dr. Cook and placing Dr. Armstrong in the position. So the entire responsibility was placed upon me. I went to the Central Baptist office and told Dr. Cook that Mrs. Williams and all concerned had left the matter to me and that I had consulted leading brethren over the state and it was the general opinion that Dr. Armstrong should be chosen as editor. It was a serious responsibility but, as Miss May Belle Williams said to me in the letter, a part of which I have quoted, they all thought that the matter should be left to Dr. Greene and myself and Dr. Greene had tacitly thrown the responsibility

upon me. I had to act upon my own convictions. I feel sure that my conscientious act that day disturbed a cordial friendship between myself and a good friend which was never quite healed.

Dr. Armstrong resigned his pastorate of the Westport Church in Kansas City, moved to St. Louis and assumed the editorship of the paper. Up to this time I had never once thought of having any further connection with the paper but I was informed that Mrs. Williams, who had been prostrated and confined to her bed ever since Dr. Williams' death, wanted me to have some sort of connection with the paper and when in a few weeks a corporation was formed, after talking to Mr. Payne and Dr. Armstrong and wanting to do all in my power to bring rest and assurance to Mrs. Williams, I went to St. Louis for a conference in regard to the matter. I told brethren Payne and Armstrong that if I assumed any connection with the paper I would do it with the understanding that some time in the future we could purchase the paper. Mrs. Williams agreed to this but after further consideration of the matter, I asked to be excused and Mrs. Williams took the stock I was expected to take in the new arrangement. I had a growing family and a perfectly delightful pastorate and owned my home in Kansas City and after due consideration and after Mrs. Williams began to improve it seemed to me best to have no connection with the paper.

Sister Williams gradually recovered her strength and the work of the paper went forward. Dr. Armstrong was a fine editor, an able writer and was al-

ready well known by the Baptists of the state. He did all sorts of drudgery for the denomination.

I have preserved two personal letters which I received from Brother Payne some months after we had settled the whole matter of the reorganization of the paper. My excuse for publishing these private letters is to show how kindly Mr. Payne felt toward me and his appreciation of the help the Lord enabled me to be to the complicated situation. These are excerpts from these two letters:

“St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 29, 1893.

Rev. S. M. Brown,
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Brother Brown:

I am very busy just now closing up the year's business. As soon as I get this off of hand I want to write you a good long letter. I will say however today, personally I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the very great assistance you have been to us, and the real good you have done the Central Baptist in this our trying time. I do not know what we would have done without you.

I pray for you constantly that the Lord may bless you and your church. He has blest you wonderfully. Brother Applegate and I were talking about you just the other day and he said, ‘Brother Brown has one of the best churches in the State of Missouri.’ It did me good.

I wish you all the blessings of the New Year. Kind regards to your wife. Give Joe one great squeeze for me.

“Fraternally,

“A. W. Payne.”

In another letter dated January 10, 1894, Mr. Payne says: “I love you for the trying experience that we have had to pass through and for the manly, Christian spirit that you have manifested all the time. Old fellow, you have done a world of good by the course you have pursued. I could not have gotten along without you, and I shall always remember with gratitude the way you stood by me and came to my relief in every trying time. The Lord will bless you for it I know. Fraternally, A. W. Payne.”

I may say that I knew Sister Williams could not direct and run the business, notwithstanding her superior ability and literary accomplishments, so gradually Payne and Armstrong assumed control. It was right that they should. For a year or two the paper did well every way. Then Mrs. Williams leased the paper to Payne and Armstrong and I knew the business had passed from her hands. I did what I could for her and she and her noble husband and her fine children did more for me. I was informed that one of the terms included in the lease was that at the expiration of a certain time the paper could be purchased by Payne and Armstrong.

The Word and Way

For some years I had stood with certain brethren, Dr. T. T. Eaton, Dr. W. P. Harvey and some

others as opposing so many separate inter-church organizations of certain classes of members—in fact I had contended that a New Testament church included teaching—Sunday School—Women's Work—Missions—W. M. U.—Enlistment and training of members both young and old—Y. P. S. C. E., B. Y. P. U., Seniors, Juniors, Boy Scouts, Men and Religion, Laymen's Work, Stewardship and so on and on. I had contended that when one joined a Baptist Church he took upon himself, or herself, every obligation that devolved upon a Christian and that a simple New Testament Church, with its two Scriptural officers—Pastor and Deacons—was a sufficient organization, and the only organization necessary to the accomplishment of all these tasks. I was accused by some as opposed to the women; opposed to Sunday Schools; opposed to young people; and so on. I had tried out my plan, in a New Testament church which I had organized in Kansas City, which sustained itself from its organization and in seven years, baptized over one hundred grown men and had received into membership some eight hundred persons, having an actual, resident membership of nearly five hundred, and standing second in its gifts to benevolence among all the Baptist churches of the city. The church conducted the Sunday School, elected all the officers and the pastor thought of it as his duty to see that no heretical teacher sowed poisonous heresies in the minds of children. We had harmony—never a divided vote. There were no contests among organizations—all together, all listening to the pastor and the deacons as their leaders. There was a committee of women,

not an organization, linked up with other such organizations, foreign to our church, and taking orders from those foreign contingencies. There was just a committee of our church with no "dues" only dues to try to see that our women knew about our regular denominational work, and that every woman, as well as every man, laid by him in store on the first day of every week as "God hath prospered," "bringing all the tithes into God's store-house." I saw then exactly what I see now more plainly, how that if we had only New Testament churches and were rid of all these wheels in wheels, our overhead would be more than cut middle-in-two and the expense and the machinery and the officials and the presidents and the chairmen and the secretaries with their plans and their stars and seals and diplomas and their books and their different and often conflicting theories, which altogether are now threatening the complete disruption and bankruptcy of our denominational enterprises and work would have been avoided. So three years after Dr. Williams' death it seemed to me that there ought to be a little paper somewhere out in this middlewest standing up for the simplicity of New Testament church organization and work.

Then, in the second place, the utter change in the sphere and work of women was just getting into good headway. My opinion was, and is yet, that the sphere and life work of men and women lie along different lines—that men are intended to be responsible for the outdoor tasks of life and to "eat bread by the sweat of their faces," and that women are

to bear children and keep a home. So it seemed to me that there ought to be a little paper out here protecting women in their God ordained rights, and exhorting men to get married, have and support their own families, and, if possible, do something to preserve the Christian home.

Then, in the third place, it seemed to me that if all men would put the Bible in its right place and look upon it as the inerrant Word of God, it would show them all about the church and the home and point out the only way of salvation from sin, which alone prepares men to live and to die.

No paper in all this part of the country was advocating my views. The Western Recorder at Louisville, Ky., when edited by Dr. T. T. Eaton and Dr. Porter, agreed with me as **that paper does yet**. Some of the greatest preachers, Dr. B. H. Carroll, for instance, and thousands of our real scriptural preachers, and others, agreed with me, but there was no paper out here. A leading Baptist preacher in Missouri, a man placed in high position as a denominational official, said publicly that the Bible was full of mistakes and, when asked what kind of mistakes, his answer was, "Grammatical mistakes, historical mistakes and scientific and logical mistakes," and yet no paper challenged such statements by such men. A graduate of Rochester Seminary, in his examination for ordination here in Kansas City, said that the Apostle Paul was mistaken concerning the second coming of the Lord, and yet he was ordained and no paper protested. Everywhere there seemed to be a drift away from the Bible. Hence the name of our paper, "The Word

and Way." I wanted to speak beyond the echo of my own voice. I did not want a denominational paper. I never at the beginning dreamed that The Word and Way would supplant the Central Baptist or absorb the Central Baptist. The matter grew on me until I took the subject with me to bed at night. I wanted to stand up for the Bible, the Home and the Church. I spent a whole night reading God's promises in the Bible and trying to pray for guidance. Just before day-light came, if ever God spoke to me in all my life, He told me to go forward and He would be with me. I determined to have a little paper. I feared that the Central Baptist would disapprove of my course but I thought I would be able to show the Central that my paper was in a different sphere and would therefore not interfere with the circulation of our regular denominational paper. I thought of three other pastors that I wanted to join me in the enterprise. They were R. K. Maiden, M. L. Bibb and N. R. Pittman. I wrote them and they all consented to join me but before the time came to launch the paper brethren Bibb and Pittman found that circumstances prevented their participation with us. Brother Pittman was finally connected with us and spent most of the last ten years of his life with the paper. No man ever lived among us who wielded a more fascinating pen than N. R. Pittman. I loved him as a brother in the flesh. I have long contemplated gathering up his "Fragments" to put them in a book.

The first issue of the paper appeared in July, 1896. Dr. R. K. Maiden and I were the editors.

The two papers worked along together with little or no outward manifestation of rivalry. But The Word and Way seemed to gradually gain until the Central Baptist friends sought to unite the papers. The first attempt to get together was made through a commission of six brethren, three chosen by each party. The conclusion was that we agreed to either buy or sell. The Word and Way immediately proposed to buy at the price proposed and to pay cash. Our friends took the matter under advisement and backed out from their own proposition. Later a prominent St. Louis pastor who was also a member of the Board of Directors of the Central Baptist Publishing Company suggested that the two corporations appoint representatives with power to act in the matter of consolidating the papers. These representatives met and came to a unanimous agreement. The Word and Way accepted but the St. Louis brethren were unable to meet the conditions suggested by their representatives, so the project failed again. In 1912 at the suggestion of a St. Louis pastor the General Association passed the following resolution: "That a committee of seven be authorized by this body to deal with the paper situation and, if possible, negotiate a harmonious and satisfactory unification of the paper interests, this committee to be constituted as follows: Three members to be chosen by the Central Baptist Publishing Company and three by the Western Baptist Publishing Company and these six when thus chosen to choose and elect the seventh member. No member of this committee shall be either officially or financially connected with or interested in either of

the papers. At the earliest practical date they shall make the results of their actions known to the denomination through The Word and Way and the Central Baptist." The committee consisted of S. E. Ewing, Ministry Jones and J. J. Brown for the Central and A. S. Ingman, Charles Hoffman and James R. Creel for The Word and Way. The seventh member was Com P. Storts. The committee met on November 20, 1912. After due deliberation and consultation it was recommended that the Western Baptist Publishing Company purchase the Central Baptist list, paying seven thousand dollars for the same. The minutes of the meeting contain the following: "The said A. W. Payne and John W. Million" (the Secretary and Vice-President of the Central Baptist Publishing Company) "on behalf of the Central Baptist Publishing Company assured the representatives of the Western Baptist Publishing Company that if the purchase of the Central Baptist was made on the above proposition that with it would go the circulation, the accounts and good will of said paper and the directors and stock-holders of the Central Baptist Publishing Company would heartily cooperate with the representatives of the Western Baptist Publishing Company in making The Word and Way the great representative paper of the denomination."

The officers and directors of the Central Baptist Publishing Company were as follows: E. W. Stephens, President; J. P. Greene, Vice-President; John W. Million, Vice-President; A. W. Payne, Secretary and Treasurer; J. C. Armstrong, W. C. Bit-

ting, A. D. Brown, J. M. Gurley, J. T. Long, C. S. Marsh, W. H. Mayfield, J. E. Ritchey and W. J. Williamson. The stockholders no doubt included these officers and directors and perhaps many others.

This, however, is the story of how *The Word and Way* became the denominational paper in Missouri. We did not ask it. We did not want it except as it might contribute to the progress and harmony of our Baptist cause. The list, according to the business manager in our office, proved rather a liability than an asset. But it seemed to satisfy some brethren, which was perhaps the best for our cause and it was no doubt a relief to those who were attempting to keep the Central Baptist going.

As will be seen, twenty-one years have elapsed since the occurrence I have just recited.

At the time the matter of single alignment with the Southern Baptist Convention was being discussed, our General Secretary attempted to have our Executive Board enlarge his Missouri Baptist Bulletin and make it the denominational paper. Failing in this our Secretary called a mass meeting of representative Baptists to convene in Kansas City to discuss two matters: 1. Single alignment, and, 2. The matter of launching a new denominational paper. The friends of our Secretary, who were opposed to single alignment and who favored the launching of a new paper were all present but there were others who came and after it seemed that all that could be said to discredit our paper was said, I publicly told the assembly that *The Word*

and Way asked no favors and that we were willing that those who opposed us should start another paper, or do whatever else they chose to do. We only asked to be let alone to serve the cause we believed in, if we could. After my remarks I was utterly surprised when a brother arose, Dr. J. W. Million, and offered the following resolutions, which were adopted by a three-fourths majority of all present:

“Resolved: That it is the sense of this conference that The Word and Way can be made adequate to the needs of the denomination in Missouri and we hereby express our appreciation of the generous aid given by it to our State Executive Board in furnishing weekly, without charge, an entire page for the sole purposes of the Board; and, Resolved: That, in the opinion of this conference, it would not be advisable for the denomination, as such, at this time and under present conditions to undertake the publication of another paper provided the editors of The Word and Way shall wholeheartedly support all of the legitimate interests of the denomination in the state; and, Resolved further: That the newspaper committee appointed by the Executive Board be and they are hereby requested that in making up their report to the Board or to the General Association they confer fully with the editors of The Word and Way in formulating such report.”

I am recounting these trials through which we have passed but I would have those who follow me in these experiences to know that I feel that no laborer among Missouri Baptists has been able to count a larger number of loyal friends. As I have gone from year to year to the meetings of our Dis-

strict Associations I have been honored by my brethren far more than it seems to me I deserve. I have had the privilege of preaching—such preaching as it was—everywhere. I have dedicated more than three hundred meeting houses and raised more than five hundred thousand dollars to meet obligations and to pay for these buildings. I am thinking now of four of the dedications where \$95,000 was raised. Some of these dedications have been in adjoining and other states but most of them in Missouri. At the First Church, Moberly, I was at the dedication of two meeting-houses forty-one years apart. At Clifton Hill, I dedicated two, some thirty years apart. At a country church south of Springfield I dedicated two, thirty-five years apart, at Garden City, Missouri, two, twenty-five years apart, at a country church south of Huntsville, two, some twenty years apart, and so on. I am making these statements to show how good God has been to an undeserving sinner. His blessings to me have far outweighed the trials. I should be a grateful, happy man. Many who have been with us in the work of The Word and Way have gone to their reward. Dr. W. A. Wilson, one of the noblest of men, was once the President of our company. Rev. W. S. Peace, another noble character, was with us several years. Rev. N. R. Pittman was with us ten years as one of the editors of the paper. These have all gone. Now, it is more than four years since Dr. Maiden chose to give up as age crept upon him. So the conduct of the paper is now largely turned over to my son, Joseph E. Brown, for whom I bespeak the sympathy, love and prayers of my dear friends,

and I humbly pray that the enterprise may have, in the future, the same measure of Divine help which seems to have followed it through all its career.

In the first years of the paper's history we carried several departments. At the head of these departments we had the names of Dr. A. C. Rafferty, Dr. J. D. Murphy, Dr. B. Harl, Rev. C. N. Wester, Dr. C. H. Moscrip, Prof. J. M. Hunt, Rev. R. L. Davidson.

In the third bound volume of the paper there are some fifteen extensive, carefully written articles by Dr. W. Pope Yeaman, constituting the most voluminous writings outside his History of the General Association that he left to mankind. The writer wishes that this fine contribution could be published in a book. There is also a still more extensive series by Dr. A. C. Rafferty which would furnish the making of one of the finest volumes in the realm of theological thought that can be found in all literature. Maybe God will raise up some one sometime, somewhere, who can bear the expense of putting these contributions, which are all there in the bound volumes of The Word and Way, into permanent volumes. We have preserved three sets of these bound volumes of the paper. In future years they will no doubt take their place in the archives of Baptist history.

CHAPTER VI

Some Changes

THE great progress of Missouri Baptists was made during the years between 1878 and 1915, which period marked the beginning of the work of Dr. W. Pope Yeaman as Secretary of State Missions and the close of Dr. T. L. West's occupancy of the same office. The different Secretaries of State Missions and their terms of service were as follows: Dr. W. Pope Yeaman, eight years; S. M. Brown, five years; Dr. J. C. Armstrong, one year; Rev. W. T. Campbell, five years; and Dr. T. L. West, nineteen years. During these thirty-six years Missouri Baptists made a net gain in membership of one hundred and thirty thousand.

In 1889 what came to be called the Missouri plan was adopted. This plan provided for a Board of Home and Foreign Missions to have charge of raising funds for those two interests, said funds to be divided between our Northern and Southern Conventions upon the basis of the comparative amounts contributed to the respective Conventions during the five years immediately preceding the adoption of the Missouri Plan. This plan of the distribution of our offerings to Home and Foreign Missions was carried forward until 1919 when the General Association voted to align the state with the Southern Baptist Convention.

In the year 1913 the General Association appoint-

ed a committee composed of D. J. Evans, A. L. Abbott, J. W. Million and W. H. Griffith to suggest a change, or changes, in the Constitution of the body, providing for one, instead of two, mission boards. This committee made partial report in 1914 and was continued to make final report in 1915. The 1915 session was held at Trenton. The report of the committee recommended changes providing for a Board of Missions, a Board of Education and a Board of Philanthropy. A substitute for the report was offered creating a single board of thirty, ten of whom were to be women. The substitute was carried and the thirty names of the new Executive Board were announced as about the last thing done at the session. It was evident to the writer so soon as the names of the new board were presented that our cause in Missouri had reached a crisis. I knew that a new secretary would be named. The chairman of the nominating committee was afterwards elected secretary. We had in Missouri only two important churches which had always been wholly aligned with the Northern Baptist Convention. Six of the thirty members of the new board, including the pastors of these two churches, or one-fifth of the entire board, were taken from these two Northern churches, and other leading friends of the Northern Convention were on the board. Fifteen members of the board were taken from six churches, whereas there were eighteen hundred churches in the state. Secretary West was ignored and the chairman of the nominating committee, an employee of one of the Northern Societies, was chosen to take the places of Secretary West of the State Board and

Secretary H. E. Truex of the Home and Foreign Board.

Our state work began to decline in the number of baptisms and in the fourth year, 1919, we had the awful contest for Southern, or single, alignment. In the four years preceding 1915, under Dr. West's administration, there were twenty-two thousand five hundred and twenty-two members added to our Missouri churches through the state mission workers, whereas in the four years following 1915 there were ten thousand five hundred and fifty-five additions to our churches through the work of state missions. In the four years preceding 1915 our state missionaries baptized fourteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-five and in the four years following 1915 there were baptized seven thousand and sixty. This decline, of more than fifty per cent in the results of the work disheartened our people.

When the General Association met in St. Louis in 1919, the denomination through the state had become aroused and sixty-one of seventy-nine District Associations had already taken action in favor of aligning our Missouri Baptist General Association with the Southern Baptist Convention. Some of our hitherto outstanding leaders opposed the action and there was some talk of forming another body, but sober judgment prevailed and we are almost all aligned and united. But for the questionable methods which prevailed at Trenton, Missouri, we might have remained in double alignment for years. Even so, it, I have no doubt, will finally be better for our cause to be solely aligned

with one or the other of the Conventions. The two bodies are closer together now perhaps than ever before.

Those of us who came out of conflicts, battle-scarred and shell-shocked, are getting out of the scene and a new set is lining up for its peculiar conflicts. Let us seek to "keep step" as we march.

"Am I a soldier of the cross—
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace?
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy Word."

CHAPTER VII

My Home

WE WERE married November 9, 1887. I had been living at Kansas City two years before we were married. My wife, Luella Everingham, daughter of Dr. J. Everingham of Butler, Missouri, was born in West Point, Iowa, but was reared at Butler, Missouri, and was graduated from the schools there, and from Lexington Female College, when that school stood in the front rank of the schools for the education of women in our state. We have resided in Kansas City since our marriage, now more than forty-six years.

We have had born in our home three dear children, two sons and a daughter. They were Joseph Everingham Brown, Sanford M. Brown, Jr., and Edith Mayo Brown—now Mrs. F. O. White of this city. Our two sons entered the first Officers' Training Camp at Camp Funston when the United States declared war on Germany, won commissions as officers and went overseas in the dreadful World War.

Joseph was assigned to the 89th Division and was a member of the staff, during training, of Gen. Leonard Wood at Camp Funston, and was made the Personnel Officer of the Division when they embarked for France, promoted to the rank of Major, and also served for a time as the Personnel Officer of the Army of Occupation in Germany.

Dear Sanford was assigned to the 35th Division, given the rank of Captain and, being the Regimental Adjutant, I have been told that he commanded his regiment in the Argonne battle. In this battle, the dear boy was instantly killed. His body was buried, by a University friend, in the National Cemetery in France, and we let him rest there. His going cast the shadow over my life which will never be lifted,— I may say the one great shadow that has fallen on me. Fifteen years have rolled over me since the sad event on September 27, 1918, and the grief for me is just as poignant as the day the cablegram came to me telling me the sad story.

Both of our sons graduated from Central High School, in Kansas City. Joseph graduated from William Jewell College and Sanford, after spending two years at William Jewell, graduated from the Missouri State University. Joseph studied law in Missouri University and after two years in Columbia University, New York, received his degree in law from that institution.

Our daughter graduated from Stephens College, and spent a year and a half in the Missouri State University.

Since returning from the World War, Joseph has, for six years, been in the banking business, but more than five years ago he was licensed to preach the gospel and, thank God, he is now with me in our publishing business and is associated with me as an editor of *The Word and Way*, directed, as I believe, by my gracious Savior to take up the work I must lay down in a short time. I shall never be able to

express the joy that I feel over this gracious providence which, it seems, is providing that my work shall not die.

Our children became Christians, we believe, in early life, and have been to us a supreme pleasure so far as devotion to their parents, honorable, clean lives and industrious application to duty in every relation are sources of the greatest gratification that our children can be to us. In fact I can say that I think no man ever had a more helpful family in the life I have tried to live, and the service I have tried to render, than I have had. My wife, the mother of our children, has been a supreme help to me at every turn in life and I know that if by the grace of God I am permitted to enter the celestial home, we will have there the "unbroken circle." And we'll all meet there. The severed friends will meet. At the blessed Savior's feet. Yes, we'll all meet there.

CHAPTER VIII

My Friends and Helpers

I HAVE many friends. I do not know how, nor why, I have been able to make so many friends. I really feel a burden of debt to my friends that I cannot pay. I am bankrupt. I am unworthy.

But I am to mention here a few men, outside my own family, who have been of special help to me in the accomplishment of what I have been able to do in the world, men without whose help, it seems to me, I never could have accomplished the things they helped me to do. The following are the names of these men:

Dr. J. Everingham	Hon. James L. Stephens
James P. Mayo	Gov. Chas. H. Hardin
J. M. Davison	Frank Ely
H. E. Hazard	W. M. Senter
John B. Wornall	Dr. W. H. Mayfield
T. M. James	Rev. R. E. McQuie
J. M. Hunt	Dr. A. S. Ingman
Dr. J. A. Pinkston	G. M. Jordan
Dr. W. H. Williams	Dr. James A. Shuttleworth
Dr. W. Pope Yeaman	Dr. A. C. Rafferty
Willard Morris	J. A. Browning

These men are, or were, no better friends of mine than many others, no doubt, but they are the men who helped me financially and otherwise as well as being also loyal friends.

Two of these men, Wornall and James, made it possible for me to begin my work in Kansas City; but that was not all, they were among the most influential Baptists not only in Kansas City but throughout the whole of Missouri. They always, and everywhere, helped me with their all but unbounded influence.

Four of these men, Hazard, Pinkston, Davison and Jordan, helped me found The Word and Way, not only furnishing money but they gave business advice of inestimable value in founding the business of the Western Baptist Publishing Company. Three of the four were deacons in my church and the other was my Sunday School Superintendent for more than ten years.

One of these men, Morris, was clerk of the church of which I was pastor many years.

One of these men, Mayo, has given me and my family over two thousand dollars in cash and equivalent, outright. He was a well-to-do farmer. Why he has done it I do not know. I never asked him for a gift. He is now gone to heaven.

One of these men, Everingham, gave me a certified check, I did not use it, for ten thousand dollars to help me when brethren were seemingly endeavoring to take financial advantage of me.

One of these men, Williams, was a great editor and showed me some things about running a Baptist weekly and befriended me in my public denominational service.

One of these men, Yeaman, was a most popular, powerful, eloquent preacher and an efficient leader

among Baptists, in high denominational position. He talked me up, wrote me up, prayed for me and I could weep at his grave.

Two of these men, Hardin and Stephens, were of a class of great, old-time gentlemen. One of them was Governor of Missouri and the other the founder of a great college. The latter's home was my home, his friendship would have been an honor to a king. The Governor was just my personal friend, but his loyal friendship, to my certain knowledge, counted for me; I honor him; I almost revere him.

Two others, Senter and Ely, of these men, were liberal, princely merchants and wealthy business men. One of them, Ely, seemed to have confidence in my judgment as to where he should put the Lord's money. The other, Senter, had a head full of what we call "horse sense" and a heart full of old-time, Tennessee, real Baptist religion. He stood up for me; I love his name.

One of these men, Mayfield, was a God-called physician and surgeon. I introduced him to the man who paid the rent on the house where he started the Missouri Baptist Hospital. I helped him and he helped me. I preached at his funeral.

One of these men, McQuie, was a plain country preacher, has preached fifty years, and I never had a more faithful, loyal, helpful friend. I must stand by him.

Another of these men, Hunt, was with me more than thirty years. We traveled together, slept together, sang and made songs together, he sang and

I preached, and then we both sang together. We saw hundreds, if not thousands, of professions. He seemed to me like a brother in the flesh. In all our intimate personal relations I never heard an unchaste word fall from his lips. Will we all sing in heaven? "There'll be no sorrow there."

One of these men, Ingham, was on the committee that joined The Word and Way and Central Baptist. He believed in The Word and Way and stood for its rights, immovable.

One of the friends, Shuttleworth, furnished me a home for nearly three years, in my first pastorate, when I had no home and not much money. He counted me as one of his sons and I called him my Missouri father. Why he did all this for me, without pay, I do not know.

Another of these men, Rafferty, was the profoundest intellect I ever knew in the Baptist ministry, but as humble as a child. He knew physical science and history and philosophy and theology. I preached his funeral.

J. A. Browning was a model deacon.

There are just twenty-two of these names as I write today—August 30, 1933—thirteen of these great, lovely brethren are in the Heavenly Home. Eight are still alive. I want my children to treasure these names, and if ever opportunity presents itself, I want them to remember, in the spirit that David showed to the crippled son of Jonathan, after the father slept, and for the father's sake, show kindness, if possible, to the families of these, my friends.

I have accomplished far more than I ever expected to do, and I am weak and unworthy, but these friends were noble, and strong and I feel that the favor of God to me has been far more attributable to those who believed in what I was trying to do, and their love and prayers were a much larger factor in what success I have had than my own ability.

I would advise all who read my story to set a large value upon the making and keeping of loyal friends. One is sure to have critics and opposers if he openly espouses the truth but there is a way to proclaim the truth so as to command the respect of those who oppose us. If I were asked to define, or point out this way, I would say: One should lose himself, lose sight of himself, in his interest in, and devotion to, the truth he proclaims. Then if one would make and have friends, it has been said that he must "show himself friendly." The study of the character and life of Jesus shows us how to have friends and to be friendly. He is the "friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Thank God for friends. They believe in us. Their confidence increases our own self-respect and their admiration of us seems a sort of magnet which draws from us the best that is in us. Perhaps I might with almost the same propriety have included other names, who have been near and so helpful to me. Only these occur to me and I have named twenty-two.

The following lines, written by Agnes Chandler Babb, so fully express the feelings of my own heart I beg to insert them here:

A FRIEND ON LIFE'S ROAD

Let my soul don joy as its pilgrim robe
And cheer as its pilgrim shoes,
Let me take to the trail with a singing heart
Tho lips may quiver and tears may start
May I gladness still infuse.
Then I'll happily greet each new made dawn
And peacefully wait nightfall
If I've walked Life's road with the sons of men
And been a friend to all.

Lade my shoulders down with a burden hard,
Then my heart shall understand
The struggles of comrades to bear their loads
Thru wind and storm, over rugged roads
'Mid the pathway's clinging sand.
Grant me greater strength than my task requires
To help the ones who fall.
Let me toil on Life's road with the sons of men
And be a friend to all.

I would have a gay smile for the lonely one,
Glad words for discouraged folk,
A strong arm to help on the weary and old
And as shelter to offer the sick or the cold
A warm and cheering cloak.
I would share my feast or share my crust
At the needy's slightest call
Let me travel Life's road with the sons of men
And be a friend to all.

I would not seek freedom from sorrow and pain
As I tread the pilgrim way.

Then my heart shall be tender and full of grace
Shall go out in love to each pain-drawn face
 I meet from day to day.
To the sad one who stumbles with tear-filled eyes
 His soul hid 'neath sorrow's pall.
Let me walk Life's' road with the sons of men
 And be a friend to all.

I would lead back him who has missed the path
 Flound'ring in mud and mire.
Let me gently reclaim his erring feet,
No harsh judgment or censure mete
 But confidence inspire.
Then we'll follow the Guide who knows the way
 The Guide cradled in a stall.
Let me walk Life's' road with the sons of men
 And be a friend to all.

CHAPTER IX

My Books

THE desire to have some of my writings—my ideas—in more permanent form than they have appeared, printed in *The Word and Way* from time to time, led me to write and have these books published. Thousands of the books have been sold and a second edition of most of them has been published. The first book I wrote was entitled

“CHURCH ORGANIZATION AND WORK”

I had a twofold object in writing this book. 1. I wished to show the simplicity and utility of the New Testament Church, and 2. I desired to explain and emphasize the office and work of the Deacon. The correctness of my positions has become more apparent to me as the years have come and gone. The book was written in nineteen hundred and ten—now, nineteen hundred and thirty-three, twenty-three years ago. Nothing, to my mind has caused more confusion, and increased expense to no avail, so far as really reaching and saving the lost is concerned as the craze for new, extra or unscriptural organizations in and about our churches, or utterly independent of them. First of all, the Sunday School made itself a sort of separate and, to a degree, independent organization, presuming to do a part of the work committed to the churches. The great commission of our Lord to his combined peo-

ple to preach the gospel and to teach all nations has had a line drawn through the middle of it, and the preaching was made one part, and the teaching another part. The preaching had thrown around it, as a safe-guard, examination, qualification and ordination, but the teaching, without which preaching is not preaching, was left to take chances with inexperienced, untrained persons to teach, especially to teach children. This opened a sluice-gate to heresies which have, to a degree, discredited the preacher and the preaching, and exalted the Sunday School as the main business. Then came the women's organizations and the young people with their "Gully Jumpers," "Spizeringtums" and the like. Then the "Men and Religion" and so on and on. Each group had to have its organization, literature and what not, until a modern church is a more complicated affair than ancient Judaism, a bondage of a carcass without life. Irresponsible and incompetent leaders, assuming the very prerogatives and endeavoring to perform the tasks committed to the ministry, have tended to disruption and corruption of the whole plan of a New Testament Church.

My book followed the Scriptural outline of church organization and work which was intended for all time and for every place.

The New Testament model has two, and only two, officers, pastor and deacon.

The neglect and disregard for the office and work of the deacon in our churches have almost bankrupted the so-called Kingdom of Christ.

I here beg to insert some highly appreciated opinions of competent persons concerning the merits of the book received at the time it was published.

Phillip Wendell Crannell, D. D., President Kansas City Theological Seminary:

"Brother Brown has written a strong, suggestive, helpful book, which every Baptist pastor and deacon ought to read and prayerfully consider."

Biblical Recorder, Raleigh, N. C.:

"Dr. Brown has given us a tonic for this broad, rushing, effervescent age, when, having superseded the old strictness and simplicity, 'unionism' is in flower and organization has gone to seed."

B. H. Carroll, D. D., LL.D., President Southwestern Theological Seminary:

"I am quite sure that you have rightfully estimated the hazard that continually comes from a wrong use of words, and the danger to the integrity, honor and mission of Christ's Church by unauthorized and irresponsible organizations."

Illinois Baptist:

"We recommend it unreservedly, and wish that many of our readers would supply themselves with it."

Commonwealth, Philadelphia:

"We believe that when pastors read it they will decide that it will pay them to purchase the book themselves and put it in the hands of men of their churches."

The Watchman, Boston, Massachusetts:

"In almost all points the author has adhered closely to the New Testament or early Christian model."

Pacific Baptist:

"It is a thoroughly Baptistic discussion of one of the most vital topics of modern Christianity."

J. P. Fruit, Ph.D., Professor William Jewell College:

"Your 'Church Organization and Work' strikes me as very sensible and opportune."

A. C. Rafferty, D. D., Professor Systematic Theology, Kansas City Theological Seminary:

"It shows care in preparation. The arrangement by chapters is logical, the style vigorous and pleasing."

W. A. Crouch, D. D., author "Pre-eminence of Jesus Christ," Liberty, Missouri:

"If every church member would read and practice what the author has written, a revolution in church efficiency would soon result that would astonish both the church and the world."

The Baptist Courier, South Carolina:

"We were so pleased with the chapter on 'The Work of the Pastor' in Dr. S. M. Brown's recent book, 'Church Organization and Work,' that we take the liberty of making this long extract from it."

The title of my second book was:

“WOMAN”

My purpose in writing this book was to set forth the teaching of the Bible concerning woman, her God-ordained sphere in life, that of being a wife and mother, keeping a home for her husband and bringing up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

The following are some opinions of the book, which came to me unsolicited at the time of its publication:

The Standard, Chicago, Illinois:

“If one wants a good old-fashioned Scriptural argument, proving that the ‘subjection of woman’ to man is the divinely ordained program, let one read ‘Woman’ by S. M. Brown, editor of The Word and Way.”

Baptist and Reflector, Nashville, Tennessee:

“Dr. Brown is an old-fashioned Baptist and he takes the old-fashioned view with reference to the sphere of woman, that the place for her is in the home, not in business; in private, not public life. His arguments are strong and the book is a valuable contribution to the literature on the subject.”

The Western Recorder, Louisville, Kentucky:

“If you want a real book of merit on this subject you will make no mistake in getting this one. It is a gem in its realm. And not only is it beautiful in

its diction and style but it is sane and thoughtful and ought to prove very useful.

“The author treats the subject in seven chapters. Chapter one deals with marvelous beauty and power with ‘God’s Method of Revealing the Truth.’ It is a chapter of real merit and is, we think academic, not only to the study of the question in hand, but to any intelligent study of God’s Word. The second chapter deals with ‘Creation,’ the third with ‘The Fall,’ the fourth with ‘The Subjection of Woman,’ the fifth with ‘The Relation Complementary—Not Competitive,’ the sixth ‘The Churches and Women,’ the seventh ‘The Harvest—Not Yet.’

“To our mind it is a very thoughtful book and deals with things fundamental to this question. We trust this little volume will go forth to help in the solution of perhaps one of the gravest questions that confronts civilized nations today, a problem which will not be ignored and which, to be settled right, must be settled in the light of God’s revealed truth.

“Get the book and you will not regret it.”

T. P. Stafford, Th. D., Professor New Testament Greek, Kansas City Theological Seminary:

“I have read with profit Dr. S. M. Brown’s book on Woman. I was interested in it from beginning to end. It is a sure and strong plea. It is a presentation of the Bible view of the dignity of woman’s sphere and the worth of her work, as the author sees it. The arguments are convincing. The

book will help women who may be troubled as to what kind of work is appointed to them to do."

Biblical Recorder, Raleigh, North Carolina:

"Dr. S. M. Brown, one of the editors of *The Word and Way*, Kansas City, Mo., has in his brochure of 75 pages on 'Woman' given us a message which is at once old-fashioned and up-to-date. It is old-fashioned because it laments the revolution of the past 25 years in the relation of the sexes, excoriates the mannish woman who has appeared upon the world's civic and industrial arena and adheres to the ancient Bible view of woman's sphere, power and glory. It is up-to-date because it gives a word that is needed at this moment on one of the most vital concerns of our race—the true relation of man and woman in our present civilization and in the making of a better civilization for the future."

Journal and Messenger, Cincinnati, Ohio:

"'Woman' is the title of a small book by S. M. Brown, D. D., editor of *The Word and Way*, at Kansas City, Mo. The subject is a large one, and Dr. Brown has not attempted to exhaust it. He has said a good many things about woman, but not half as many as might be said. He has used much discrimination, and makes woman the complement of man, not the competitor of man. He believes in woman's rights, but he thinks the right which she values most, and which is worthy of her, is the right to be a woman. He believes that it is a woman's right to sing bass, if she can; but he does not think it is a right to be exercised or cultivated

without caution. He says: 'No normal man wants a mannish woman for a wife.' 'A heavy beard on the face would bar any woman from the marriageable state.' Man may admire many things not possessed by woman, but he wants a woman to be different.' Most men agree with him."

George B. Eager, D. D., Professor Southern Baptist Theological Seminary:

In an article on "The Feminist Movement," published in the Review and Expositor for April, 1914, having taken the book as part of the text of his article, said, among other things, "In this contention (the contention of the author of 'Woman'), he says many true and telling things, and makes appeals to both the men and the women of today that are strong, not only because of their evident sincerity, but also, in part, because of their literal Scripturalness."

My third book was entitled,

"THE GOSPEL IN NATURE OR GOD'S DEMONSTRATION"

My purpose in writing this book was to meet the materialist on his own ground, and show him how the physical creation demonstrates the truths of the Christian religion, while it disputes all others.

The book was especially intended to combat the theory of evolution and in this respect it enjoys priority in the subject so widely discussed since the book was written in nineteen hundred and

eleven. The following estimates were published soon after the book was published:

The Journal and Messenger, Cincinnati, Ohio:

"This book is one of the most satisfactory treatments of the subject in hand which has come under our eye. It is an admirable argument for the religion of the Bible, the religion of Jesus Christ. It may be said to be a combination of Butler's Analogy and Henry Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World, but more satisfactory than either. The author has given us one of the most valuable books which has come from the press in a great while. It is a book for the unlearned, as well as for the learned."

The Watchman, Boston, Mass.:

"The author finds the theory of Evolution defective and believes that the terms 'growth,' 'development' better express the facts. In this he is sustained by good modern authority, since the doctrine of evolution as Darwin announced it has lost much of its force. The present book is safely orthodox. It maintains the theory of the existence of a personal God, of the Trinity, of depravity and kindred points in the Orthodox faith. In the author's judgment the physical creation was intended by the Creator to furnish simple, plain demonstrations of the truths, doctrines and principles revealed in the Bible."

The Biblical Recorder, Raleigh, N. C.:

"Is there a way by which the great truths of the

Bible can be verified to the entire satisfaction of the ordinary mind? Dr. S. M. Brown, one of the editors of *The Word and Way*, Kansas City, Mo., believes that there is, and in his recent book, *'The Gospel in Nature or God's Demonstration,'* he points it out so that any man, though a simpleton, need not err therein. He thinks and holds that the Creator intended through the physical creation to supply simple, yet indisputable demonstrations of the doctrines of divine revelation. These analogies touching the existence and nature of God, sin, salvation, and other great Bible truths, are sketched and worked out with great skill and force. No one can read these luminous pages without strengthening his faith and intensifying his zeal."

The Western Recorder, Louisville, Kentucky:

"The author of the volume feels that the question 'Are the doctrines and principles inculcated in the Scriptures true?' is a far more important matter than any question which could be raised as to the origin or inspiration of the Scriptures. He then starts out to prove their truthfulness from the 'physical creation,' which he believes 'was intended by the Creator to furnish simple, plain, demonstration of these truths.'

"In this we believe he confronted a most difficult task—but did it as well, perhaps, as any other could.

"This book is worth studying and thinking about."

From T. L. West, D. D., Secretary of Missions, Missouri:

"It is a plain, common-sense, Biblical treatment of a subject that has been greatly mystified by the use of technical language by many who have written upon it, and will, in my opinion, do great good by calling attention to the plain manner in which God has revealed himself to men in the 'things that are seen.' I trust that this book may have a wide circulation, and that the author may live many years to serve the God in whose honor he has written the book."

The Review and Expositor, Louisville, Kentucky:

"In fourteen chapters Dr. Brown has briefly elaborated analogical arguments for the chief Christian doctrines, and the work is quite well done. It will prove reassuring to many and give guidance in honest doubt. A wide range of reading and observation is utilized for illustration. The work is a good one."
—W. O. Carver.

From Dr. J. R. Pentuff, A. M., Ph. D., President of Powhattan College:

"In this book the author has endeavored to present the suggestive analogy between the Gospel of Nature and that of Grace. The argument against the crude assumption of material evolution is especially helpful to those who have not had the time to go through all the volumes on that subject."

The Standard, Chicago, Illinois:

"'The Gospel in Nature' is a defense of the claim

that the Bible reveals vital, eternal truths but does not create them. The existence and character of God, the work of Christ, evolution, and other subjects are treated. It is an earnest study by S. M. Brown."

The Baptist Record, Jackson, Mississippi:

"'The Gospel in Nature, or God's Demonstration,' by S. M. Brown, and published by The Western Baptist Publishing Co., is the title to one of the most readable books we have perused in quite a while. The chapter on Substitution, while a bit out of the ordinary, is specially good and impressive. Also the chapter on Depravity and Heredity is very fine. Then the chapter on Modern Evolution, a Hurtful Fallacy, compares well with anything we have read on the subject. We submit that in this chapter the author overthrows the modern theory of evolution; and if he did nothing more in the book, this would be a worthy achievement. His strong blows at evolution incidentally crop out all through the book."

W. A. Crouch, D. D.:

"I have read with no small degree of interest, pleasure and profit your book, 'The Gospel in Nature, or God's Demonstration.' I was disappointed in not finding something somewhere, or stated in some form or from which some inference could be drawn, from which I could dissent. I had no idea that your mental machine could handle such analogues as you wind and unwind. God in nature needs an interpreter—this is the business of the scientist; God in revelation needs an interpreter—

this is the business of the preacher. In your book you have acted in the capacity of both with marked skill and lucidity. The unity of plan and purpose as you trace them in nature and in grace gives a vantage ground to investigation from which one cannot be driven without much difficulty.

“Unless the constitution of the mind be changed, your reasoning will cause the Dagon gods to fall from their pedestals. I trust your book may be read by the thousands who need its light.”

My fourth book was entitled

“REGULAR BAPTISM”

which was intended to be an argument in favor of Baptist churches administering the ordinances, in the regular way, by the authority of the church. Whether it is admitted or not, each denomination proclaims in the most emphatic terms possible, and this by its very separate existence, that its organizations are the real churches of Christ. The ordinances, as all admit, having been committed to the churches, should therefore be administered by the bodies believed to be the real churches of Christ. For Baptist churches to receive the baptisms as administered by others is to grant church standing to others, which convicts them of inconsistency in continuing a separate existence. There is not a question but that the matter of who should be baptized, and the matter of administering the ordinance was committed, not to the candidate for baptism, but to the church and it is not for the individual to decide as to the validity of his baptism

but the church to which the commission to disciple and baptize was given by the Savior himself.

My fifth book, entitled

“THE TRIUNE NAME”

contains fifteen sermons, complete. The author especially desires to leave this book in our homes. These are among his main discourses.

My sixth and last book bears the title

“THE CROSS OF CHRIST”

This is a new view, so far as I know, of the profound matter of the Atonement. It must be read and compared with the teaching of the Bible and the revelation of God's truth in Nature, in order to deal fairly with the subject.

All these books, except the last two, are now printed in second editions, the first edition having been sold. They contain, along with the book I am here writing, my permanent and best, if humble, contribution to the generations which are to follow me. I solicit fair examination and then welcome all critics of what I have written. I have not guessed at anything but have written what I fully understood and knew was true. It has been my purpose for years to publish four other books of sermons but I fear now that I shall be unable to realize this ambition and desire.

CHAPTER X

Some Experiences Never to Be Forgotten

I

Two Doctors of Divinity Embrace and an Infidel Weeps

In the long ago, I believe back in the '80s, Mr. J. M. Hunt and I went about Missouri together and preached and sang in special meetings. Mr. Hunt carried with him a small organ on which he played accompaniments for our singing. Talking with him the other day, he is now in heaven, he insisted that I should attempt to describe several strange manifestations of what seemed to us a positive evidence of a Divine Presence in our meetings. No doubt there are people—some people—yet living who will remember and who would testify to the exact truth of the incidents here related.

We were in attendance upon some sort of a joint meeting of the Mt. Pleasant and the Macon Associations at a country church which, as I remember, goes by the name of Mt. Salem. The Sunday was a beautiful day and I think it safe to say that a thousand people assembled in a beautiful grove, where a stand and seats had been provided for a great out-door gathering. I remember distinctly that Dr. J. D. Murphy, who was at the time pastor at Moberly, and Dr. J. F. Cook, then, and for so many years, president of LaGrange College, were present in the meeting and sat upon the stand with

the writer when, Sunday morning, he tried to preach. The great multitude had come on foot, in buggies and carriages, spring wagons, horse-back and lumber wagons, all prepared for an all-day meeting. The fine grove, all around, was full of horses tied to trees and limbs. The whole scene is still a vivid picture in the mind of the writer. We were domiciled in the home of Brother King, a deacon and a devout man in the country church. The writer rose early in the morning and had a strange burden about preaching that day. He went to the stand in the midst of that great throng under a strange consciousness of his unworthiness and weakness. But he knew that a devout old lady who was then between 80 and 90 years old, Aunt Polly Baskett, as everyone called her, was praying for him, she had told him so before we left the King home. Deacon King told the writer of a neighbor who was an infidel and a scoffer at religion, who he thought would be present at the meeting that day. Dr. Murphy read some scripture and Dr. Cook led in prayer—and such a prayer that was! It seemed to me that a strange solemnity was upon that whole throng when I began my sermon. Words came to me so readily and rapidly that they seemed to me struggling for utterance. Time and again I felt a thrill running all over me almost like a shock of electricity. As I closed my sermon Mr. Hunt began to sing:

“Around the great white throne some day
Dear friends shall gathered be.
Around the great white throne O God!
Will I be there with Thee?”

I joined him in the singing. All at once the two fine, dignified Doctors of Divinity who were on the platform, sprang to their feet and embraced each other. The whole congregation seemed to rise together. Many were saying "Glory to God"; others were saying "Praise God," and some "Hallelujah!" Our infidel friend was sitting off by the fence. He said to Brother King afterwards: "What was the matter with me? I found myself weeping and while those men were singing something seemed to rise in me. I shall never get over it. What did it all mean?" Was there a Divine Presence in that meeting?

II

A Prominent Business Man Becomes Church Janitor

When I came to Missouri, my first pastorate was at Pleasant Hill, Cass County. There resided at Harrisonville, the county seat, a prominent judge who was a high officer in the state organization of Masons as well as a prominent lawyer and judge of the Circuit Court. His name was Noah M. Givan. I had no money and was a stranger in the state—a mere boy only twenty-one years of age. But Judge Givan seemed to "take a liking to me," and he helped me when I needed a friend. I loved him while he lived and treasure his memory. He was a generous, public-spirited man. He raised a large part of the money that started a great Masonic Orphans' Home in St. Louis. He could help me and he did.

Years went by. Judge Givan was moderator of great Blue River Baptist Association and I had

established my residence in Kansas City and was pastor of the Tabernacle Church, which I founded in 1889. One day, Judge Givan said to me, "I want you to help me to win a first cousin of mine who is to me one of the dearest relatives I have on earth. He is a fine business man, is at the head of both the freight and passenger business of the Chicago and Great Western Railroad at Kansas City but he is an unbeliever as to Christianity and also has one weakness—he will now and then take too much whisky." With great feeling Judge Givan told me that he prayed for him daily and that this man lived neighbor to me in the city only a half a block from my home. Judge Givan's tearful anxiety and his long and helpful friendship for me made the greatest possible appeal to me. I started in to win this man. I never had met him but I had an idea that he knew me, at least, knew my name and what I was doing. So one day, when I saw him in his front yard, I walked down and spoke to him. He knew me. Mrs. Jordan was on the front porch, but they did not invite me to come in until I told them that Judge Givan was my friend. Then they seemed more cordial and invited me to come into the house but I excused myself and really thought if I couldn't go in on my own credit I would not go in on Judge Givan's credit. So I walked on back to my house wondering how I would ever reach that man. I met him on the street down in town and found that he especially enjoyed a funny story. So I ransacked even the "Police Gazette" and "Judge" and the other magazines and newspapers to find a funny story to tell Mr. Jordan, and I always had one ready. It

was not long until if we met down in town he would stop to hear my stories. Then he would stop in front of my house to hear a story. I was "laying for him" and praying. I began a protracted meeting in our church, and on the first night of the meeting I saw Mr. Jordan come in. I had at least a score of men in the church to whom I had spoken about this friend and relative of Judge Givan who had made a request of me. At the close of the service that first night Mr. Jordan came to me and told me he wanted me to come to his house, that he wanted to talk to me and his wife wanted to see me.

I went the next evening on my way to the church and Mr. Jordan told me that he did not know—that he could not say—that he was really certain that there was any reality in our religion but that he had gotten into trouble about it. "Yes," Mrs. Jordan said, "ever since you first came down to our house and we did not invite you to come in I have worried over this matter and I have made up my mind that it is my duty to recognize the claims of the Savior who died for us all and I have felt that my sins were forgiven and I am coming to join the church tonight. I used to go to church and I feel I owe it to these children to set the right sort of an example before them." By this time she was wiping tears from her face, and the oldest daughter broke out weeping and said, "Yes, mother, and I am going with you tonight." Now Mr. Jordan said, "Let us not get excited about this matter. I am not sure that there is anything in it, but I know I do wrong."

I went on to church and they came. When I gave the invitation Mrs. Jordan and her daughter came forward to join the church and immediately upon the taking of the vote, Mr. Jordan came forward and said to me, "Mr. Brown, I am lost and forsaken of my wife and daughter. What shall I do?" I said, "Mr. Jordan, kneel down right here and let us pray." More than a score of fine brethren were sobbing and some were saying, "Amen." As we arose from our knees, Mr. Jordan said, "I feel better. Christ receives me and if you all will have me I want to go with my wife and daughter." He was received as a candidate for baptism. From that hour—I say it with all due regard for all others I have known—but never in my life did I know a man who came nearer putting the Kingdom of God first than G. M. Jordan. He became a deacon and treasurer in our church, and the treasurer of our great District Association and, notwithstanding he for years managed all the business of one of the great railroads entering into Kansas City, had elegant offices with prompt and obedient colored janitor service at his office, he seemed determined to serve as janitor of our church. He made up the coal fires before daylight every Sunday morning in the winter and shoveled the snow from the sidewalks. Our deacons protested but he would not give up his job. Finally I talked with Mrs. Jordan and his fine family and tried to enlist everybody to help me persuade Mr. Jordan to let us hire a janitor. We were amply able to do it, and so finally I grew impatient and told him that if he persisted in doing that slavish, menial service about the meeting-house I felt that

if nothing else could be done I would resign the pastorate. He said to me, "Why, Brother Brown, if you knew the joy I get out of this little service you certainly wouldn't want to deprive me of one of my chief pleasures as a Christian man. Why," he said, "you see I served Satan a long time, and I am so unworthy of all the blessings Jesus has bestowed upon me I must do something of this kind of service for him." I told him I feared for his health. I said to him, "Why, Deacon, don't you have a colored janitor to keep your office?" "Certainly," he said, "but this is Christ's Church, and he died for me on Calvary's Cross. You do not know," he said, "the joy I have in this basement when I come here before the dawn of day on the Lord's day, start up my fires and then sit down down there in the basement and read a chapter or two and look over the Scripture that I am going to try to teach to my class of boys in the Sunday School. I sometimes get so happy I feel as though I had gotten a new grip upon Jesus' blessed, pierced hand. Oh, the joy I have in that basement! No one will ever know how Heaven comes to me down there. I cannot give it up." And he didn't until his health failed and the railroad paid him full wages for more than a year that he spent in a hospital and then he died. He had many railroad friends, some who were blighted by the old appetite that he once had for drink. One day I saw him down at the old Union Station in the West Bottoms. I said to him, "Where are you going?" He replied, "I am just going down to Joplin." Then he took me aside and said to me, "You know Sam—he was conductor on a passenger train—goes

on a 'spree' about once in a year and his wife called me up and told me that Sam was drinking some. So I determined to go with him and make him cut it out." He got on Sam's train and his old friend said to him, "Manna, where are you going?" "Oh," Mr. Jordan said, "just going down to Joplin." They reached Joplin and Sam was about to go into the saloon to get him a drink. Mr. Jordan said to him, "Sam, you are not going in there. Come on with me and let us go to the hotel. We can get a room with two beds. I am going to spend the night with you." So Sam went with him, and they prayed in their room that night, and by the next morning Sam was over his "spell" and Mr. Jordan came back with him and took him home to his good wife, cool and sober.

That was one of many like instances. Mr. Jordan was "on the job" every day and men loved him and would have died for him.

III

"God Is Love"—"God Is a Consuming Fire"

Another experience for which I shall thank God upon every recollection of it occurred back in the 80's upon some special occasion at an old country church called Three Rivers, not far from Farmington, Mo. Dr. Yeaman, Dr. D. B. Ray, and other prominent brethren were present in the meeting. The great congregation assembled in a beautiful grove where the gradual hill side made a sort of natural amphitheatre—a beautiful meeting place for the lovely summer weather. On Saturday it was

announced that I would preach in the grove on Sunday morning. About this time there was going the rounds of the Christian world a discussion of the doctrine of "Eternal Punishment," as taught in the Scriptures. Many bright minds were repudiating the doctrine and attacking the Bible because of it. Henry Ward Beecher in our country and several prominent English clergymen and in other parts of Europe were attacking the Bible teaching on the subject, saying that the Bible's Heaven was incompatible with the Bible's Hell. On the Saturday afternoon referred to, during an intermission in the meeting, a number of the brethren were gathered under the shade of the big trees and privately discussing the subject. The writer was not participating in the discussion but was an interested listener. While standing there a well-dressed stranger approached me and said to me, "I understand you are to preach tomorrow morning." I replied that it was announced that I would preach. The man said: "I would like to suggest a text, or texts, for your sermon." I told him that I would not agree to preach from the text he would give me, but that I was already curious to know what text he would suggest. He said he would suggest two concise definitions of God, one found repeatedly in the Epistles of John and one in the Epistle to the Hebrews: "God is Love," and "God is a consuming fire." I seemed to see that he thought these passages irreconcilable. After a moment's reflection I told the man that I would comply with his request. As this stranger walked away from me I asked a gentleman who resided in the community if he knew the man.

I was told that the man was a Mr. Bush, that he was a lawyer, a highly educated man, resided in Farmington, and was an unbeliever.

Sunday morning came and hundreds of people gathered in that beautiful grove. As I arose to speak I saw my strange friend seated against a tree not far from the speaker's stand.

At the close of the sermon a great many people were shouting praises to God, and my strange lawyer friend came and gave me his hand and told me that he accepted the Savior I had preached, that he saw his mistake and that he expected to meet me in Heaven. I have learned that he died in the Christian faith.

IV

Was There a Divine Presence?

At Linneus, Mo., we had a similar experience. The District Association had held a session which ended on Sunday, as many such bodies held their meetings in those days. Sunday morning came and I passed through another experience of humiliation and suffering. I was expected to preach on Sunday morning and I knew that the great congregation would expect a far more interesting discourse than I felt able to deliver. An eminent old minister, Brother Martin, the father of Rev. J. M. P. and L. E. Martin, was at the meeting. I think he resided at Linneus. He was a brother-in-law of Brother L. B. Ely, who was also present at the meeting. Sunday

morning came and I felt so unworthy and weak that I really did not know what to do. I was afraid to have as a text any Scripture except a passage that I had used as a text many times before. And I may say that I have used that text perhaps a hundred times since. It is one of the most comprehensive texts of Scripture in all the Bible: "Ye are not your own for ye were bought with a price; glorify God, therefore, in your body." And the King James version adds: "And in your spirit, which are God's." I Cor. 6:19-20.

I knew that I had in that text, in a way, all the Bible. For the whole Bible might be divided under two heads—the one, the truths or doctrines to be believed, and the other, the duties to be performed. The text included the all-inclusive doctrine and an all-inclusive duty. So I felt assured that if I knew or could preach any gospel at all I could get it legitimately out of that wonderful text. But when I rose to speak, my misgivings were swept away like a cobweb and again and again that curious thrill, indescribable, came over me, and as I was closing my sermon, Brother Martin hollered—just hollered at the top of his voice, and he and Brother Ely arose and embraced each other. They were both very large men and their hair was white as the snow. The whole congregation arose. Many shouted praises to God, and Brother Ely, with an eloquence seldom witnessed, exhorted sinners to accept the great redemption I had tried to preach. Was there a Divine Presence in that meeting?

V

“Our Wayward Son Is Coming Home”

Another experience occurred at Prairie Hill—the home church of Uncle Pettus Sears, as he was generally called. Brother Sears was the father of Missionary Will Sears who, in the writer’s estimation, was one of the greatest missionaries of the cross ever sent out by American Christians. Brother Will Sears spent his life of service in China and his body rests there. It seems that Uncle Pettus had a son who was not leading a religious life like the others and the fear of his drifting clear away into a reckless life had become a distinct, great burden to his father. Brother Sears had spoken to me of this burden. The young man’s mother had passed away and the aged father felt that the responsibility for the boy rested solely upon him. He wanted Mr. Hunt and me to come and hold a service at Prairie Hill, hoping to reach this son. We were having a series of meetings, a single day in a place. It was while the writer was Secretary of Missions, and he was holding these meetings in the interest of his work. In the list of appointments a night service was arranged for Prairie Hill. We took supper at Brother Sears’ fine country home and drove to the church for the service. The congregation more than filled the meeting house. People were at the windows on the side and the house was packed. I preached and we sang, and at the close of my sermon I gave an invitation for persons to confess Christ. The wayward son came forward weeping aloud, and knelt at the front seat. We sang and had prayer and the

young man arose saying, "Jesus saves me." The dear old father was so happy he could not restrain his emotions. He walked up and down the crowded aisles of the meeting house and called to his departed wife—the mother of the boy, and said: "O mother, look down from Heaven. Our wayward son is coming home." He repeated these words again and again while scores of others were rejoicing and praising God. Brother Sears had prayed and prayed that he might live to see what he witnessed there that night. Will we forget it? Never! "'Tis the old-time religion, 'Tis the old-time religion and it's good enough for me" is the way the old song runs. Was there a Divine Presence in that meeting?

CHAPTER XI

“Going On Singing”

AMONG the few songs I have composed and published, there is scarcely one that is not interwoven with some circumstance or experience which interprets and gives significance to the simple composition. Thinking that some of my kinfolks and my dear friends might find some interest in knowing and preserving these songs and some account of the circumstances which led to their composition, I have determined to print them here.

Then, the fact that the “Songs of Zion,” which contained these songs, has gone out of print, and there are so many requests for some of the songs furnishes the author an excuse for republishing them. The title we have chosen for this chapter is “Going On Singing.”

GOING ON TO ZION

The Old Testament Scriptures present God’s great spiritual truth in object teaching, conforming to a universal law of teaching. That is, we are enabled to apprehend and comprehend the working of great principles in the more complex and abstruse forms by first seeing their working in simpler forms. In conformity to this law the Almighty begins his revelation to mankind mainly in object teaching. The Old Testament abounds in stories which enable us to see and understand the great

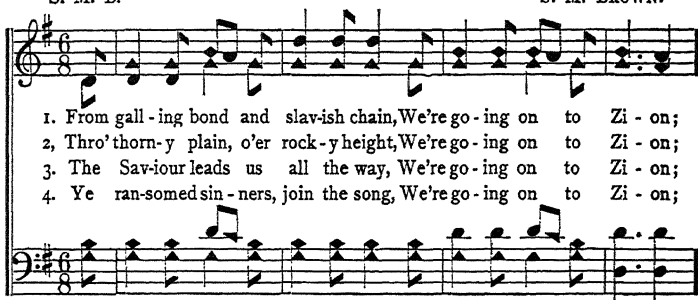
spiritual truths of the New Testament. One of the most striking and informing examples of this method of teaching is found in the story of the Egyptian bondage, and the journey of the Lord's Ancient people through the wilderness and their entrance into the Promised Land. We have also the same beautiful lesson in the stories of the return of God's Ancient people from captivity. Life here is easily compared to a journey. "Pilgrim's Progress," perhaps the most widely circulated book, except the Bible, makes life a journey. Bunyan saw it so. "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." Isa. 35:10.

The fact that some of the music appears in shape notes need not disturb its rendition, as the notes are read by their position on the staff as is the case of round notes.

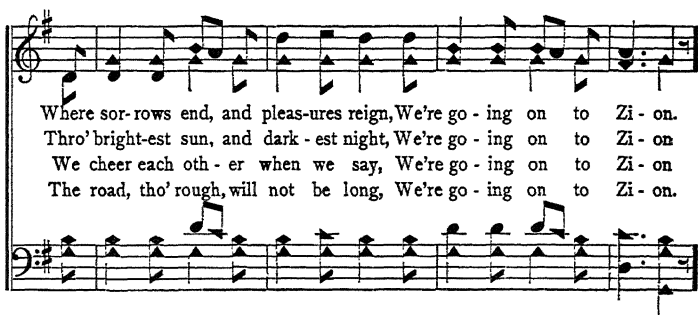
GOING ON TO ZION.

S. M. B.

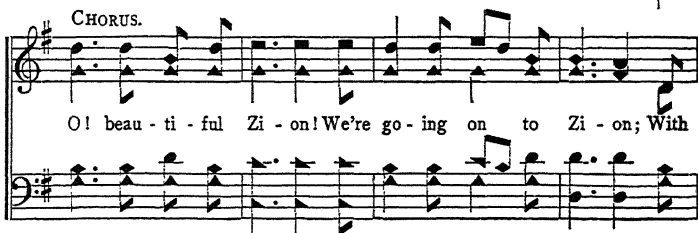
S. M. BROWN.



1. From gall-ing bond and slav-ish chain, We're go-ing on to Zi-on;
2. Thro' thorn-y plain, o'er rock-y height, We're go-ing on to Zi-on;
3. The Sav-iour leads us all the way, We're go-ing on to Zi-on;
4. Ye ran-somed sin-ners, join the song, We're go-ing on to Zi-on;



Where sor-rows end, and pleas-ures reign, We're go-ing on to Zi-on.
Thro' bright-est sun, and dark-est night, We're go-ing on to Zi-on
We cheer each oth-er when we say, We're go-ing on to Zi-on
The road, tho' rough, will not be long, We're go-ing on to Zi-on.



CHORUS.
O! beau-ti-ful Zi-on! We're go-ing on to Zi-on; With



glad-some songs and crowns of joy, We're go-ing on to Zi-on.

IS HEAVEN ABOVE THE CLOUDS?

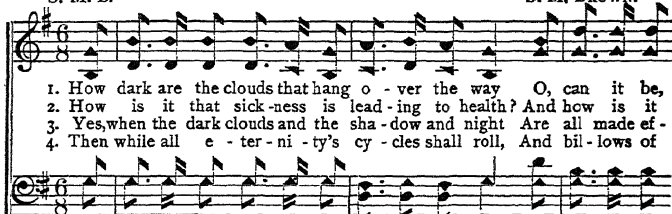
Life is a school-house in which we learn by contrasts. Hence the reason for clouds of affliction, bodily suffering, clouds of poverty, of loneliness, of disappointment, of sad good-byes. The boy who suggested "Is Heaven Above the Clouds?" is now a man with his own two little sons.

IS HEAVEN ABOVE THE CLOUDS?

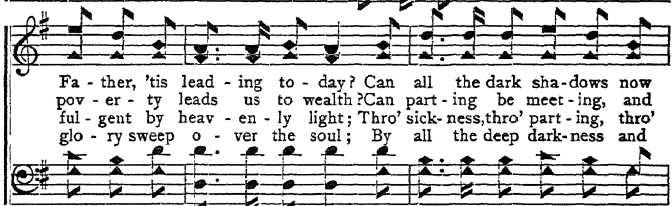
My dear little boy—six years old—shares with me an awful dread of cyclones. We stood together, watching a rising storm, when he said to me, in sweet anticipation of the security of our Heavenly Father's care, "Papa, is Heaven above the clouds?"—S. M. B.

S. M. B.

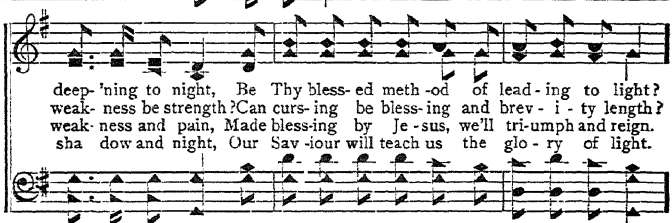
S. M. BROWN.



1. How dark are the clouds that hang o - ver the way O, can it be,
 2. How is it that sick-ness is lead-ing to health? And how is it
 3. Yes, when the dark clouds and the sha-dow and night Are all made ef-
 4. Then while all e - ter-ni-ty's cy-cles shall roll, And bil-lows of

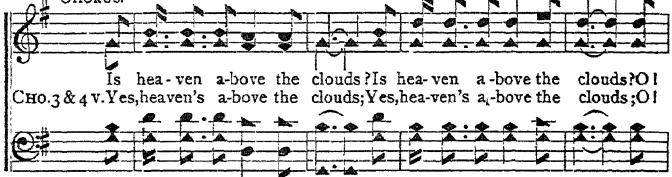


Fa-ther, 'tis lead-ing to-day? Can all the dark sha-dows now
 pov-er-ty leads us to wealth? Can part-ing be meet-ing, and
 ful-gent by heav-en-ly light; Thro' sick-ness, thro' part-ing, thro'
 glo-ry sweep o-ver the soul; By all the deep dark-ness and

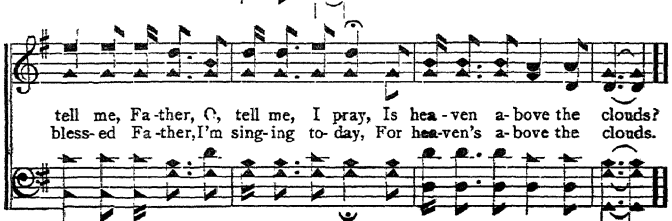


deep-ning to night, Be Thy bless-ed meth-od of lead-ing to light?
 weak-ness be strength? Can curs-ing be bless-ing and brev-i-ty length?
 weak-ness and pain, Made blessing by Je-sus, we'll tri-umph and reign.
 sha-dow and night, Our Sav-iour will teach us the glo-ry of light.

CHORUS.



Is hea-ven a-bove the clouds? Is hea-ven a-bove the clouds? O!
 CHO. 3 & 4 v. Yes, hea-ven's a-bove the clouds; Yes, hea-ven's a-bove the clouds; O!



tell me, Fa-ther, O, tell me, I pray, Is hea-ven a-bove the clouds?
 bless-ed Fa-ther, I'm sing-ing to-day, For hea-ven's a-bove the clouds.

REACH DOWN THY HAND

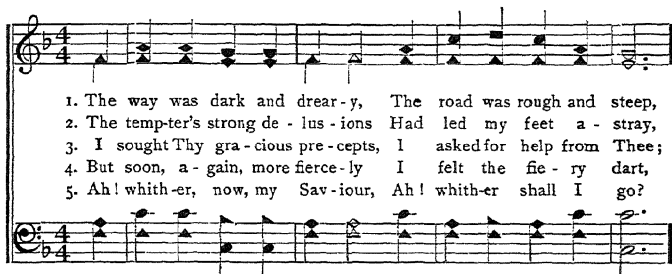
Every known sin we commit, even after we become professed Christians, "finds us out," and brings remorse unspeakable. "Be sure your sins will find you out," and, as a rule, we might add, "will be found out."

Take warning. The red lights appear. "My sin is ever before me." Psa. 51:3.

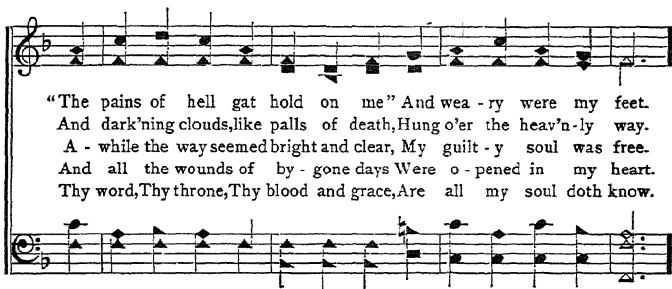
REACH DOWN THY HAND.

S. M. BROWN.

S. M. BROWN.



1. The way was dark and drear-y, The road was rough and steep,
 2. The temp-ter's strong de-lus-ions Had led my feet a-stray,
 3. I sought Thy gra-cious pre-cepts, I asked for help from Thee;
 4. But soon, a-gain, more fierce-ly I felt the fie-ry dart,
 5. Ah! whith-er, now, my Sav-iour, Ah! whith-er shall I go?




"The pains of hell gat hold on me" And wea-ry were my feet.
 And dark'ning clouds, like palls of death, Hung o'er the heav'n-ly way.
 A-while the way seemed bright and clear, My guilt-y soul was free.
 And all the wounds of by-gone days Were o-pened in my heart.
 Thy word, Thy throne, Thy blood and grace, Are all my soul doth know.

CHORUS.



Reach down, reach down Thy hand, O Lord! "My feet are al-most gone;"



Reach down Thy gra-cious hand, O Lord! And lead Thy child a-long.

DYING FROM HOME AND LOST

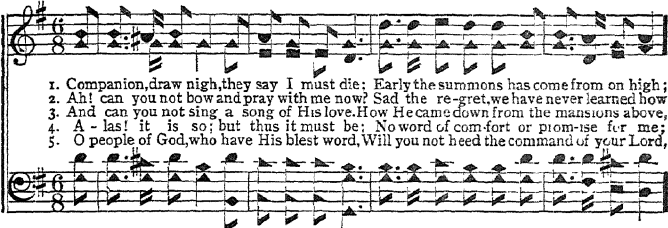
When the writer was Secretary of Missions in Missouri he was in contact with Dr. C. C. Bitting, a lovely man who was Bible Secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society at Philadelphia. Dr. Bitting had sent me a box of small Bibles to be given away through the missionaries of our board. This box of Bibles was stored in my office in Kansas City. I thought I was too busy to open the box and to send out the good Books. I was attending a meeting of the North Liberty District Association at Kearney, Mo. At that time William Jewell College was situated within the bounds of this Association. Dr. A. J. Emmerson, a professor in the college, was at the Kearney meeting. He had been in the habit of bringing over some good ministerial students from the college to do mission work in Kansas City over the week-ends. Dr. Emmerson related the sad story which is briefly told at the head of the song, "Dying From Home and Lost." To the writer the story was inexpressibly sad. He thought of the thousands of young men in Kansas City who were in similar courses. Then came to his mind his unopened box of Bibles. Was it his fault that there was not one copy of the Book on that side of the river? He walked away from the meeting-house and spent a time among the trees and wept and prayed and asked God to provide some way for him to preach the gospel in Kansas City. At the end of that very year—it was 1889—the writer was advised that the burden of his labors as secretary were too heavy but, recuperating in a

DYING FROM HOME, AND LOST.

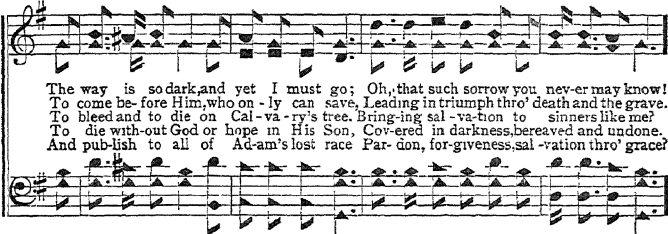
S. M. B.

S. M. BROWN.

Two young men, who had been brought up together in a distant State, came to Kansas City to get a start in the world. They were employed in laboring on the piers of one of the great railroad bridges on the Missouri River. An accident occurred in which several men were injured, among them was one of these young men, who was fatally crushed. He was taken into one of the tents in which the laborers were living, and being conscious, he was told by the physician that he could live only a few hours. He requested his companion to pray with him and stated that he was not prepared to die. His friend assured him that he did not pray for himself and was not fit to pray for a dying man. Then he asked that a song might be sung, but was again assured by his friend that he knew no song appropriate to an occasion like that. Finally, he begged that a Bible might be brought and a few verses read to him before he died. The tents and cabins were searched, and there was not a copy of the word of God to be found, and so, among his last words the dying man exclaimed: "And is it possible that away from home and without a prayer, a song, or a verse of Scripture, I am to be ushered into the presence of God unprepared?"

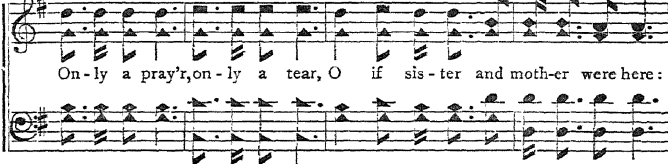


1. Companion, draw nigh, they say I must die; Early the summons has come from on high;
2. Ah! can you not bow and pray with me now? Sad the re-gret, we have never learned how
3. And can you not sing a song of His love. How He came down from the mansions above,
4. A-las! it is so; but thus it must be; No word of com-fort or prom-ise for me;
5. O people of God, who have His blest word, Will you not heed the command of your Lord,

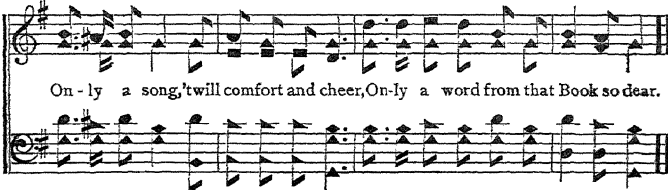


The way is so dark and yet I must go; Oh, that such sorrow you nev-er may know!
To come be-fore Him, who on-ly can save, Leading in triumph thro' death and the grave.
To bleed and to die on Cal-va-ry's tree, Bring-ing sal-va-tion to sinners like me?
To die with-out God or hope in His Son, Cov-ered in darkness, bereaved and undone,
And pub-lish to all of Ad-am's lost race Par-don, for-giveness, sal-va-tion thro' grace?

CHORUS.



On-ly a pray'r, on-ly a tear, O if sis-ter and moth-er were here:



On-ly a song, 'twill comfort and cheer, On-ly a word from that Book so dear.

short time, two wealthy men in Kansas City agreed to employ the writer to have charge of mission work in Kansas City. The incident at the Kearney meeting came back to the writer and on a Sunday morning he wrote "Dying From Home and Lost." Since writing the song the writer has led in the organization of five churches in the city, and while serving two of them as pastor, baptized more than one hundred grown men. This good work was largely accomplished by the private members of the churches.

GOING THE LOST ONES TO BRING

Evangelist Cates told the writer that he had seen more than one thousand persons come forward to confess Christ when he was singing “Dying From Home and Lost.”

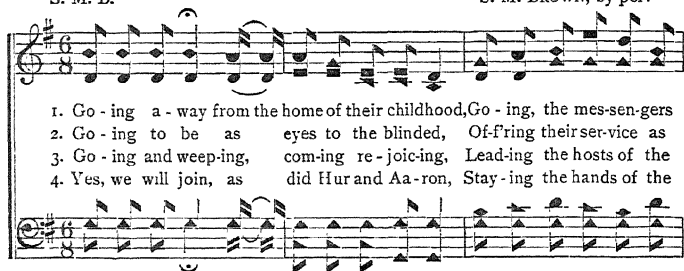
On one of his visits to his native state of North Carolina—it was perhaps in 1879 or in the early 80’s—the writer attended a meeting of the Baptist state convention at Greensboro. Three young men, graduates of Wake Forest College, were under appointment as Foreign Missionaries, and a special service was held to bid them farewell. The three fine young fellows were seated on the platform, and the writer was invited to make a brief talk. After speaking a few words he looked upon the men and thought of their long journey—longer in those days than now—and the tasks which awaited them. If he is not mistaken their names were Bryan, Herring and Chappell. The scene led to the composition of the song which follows:

GOING THE LOST ONES TO BRING.

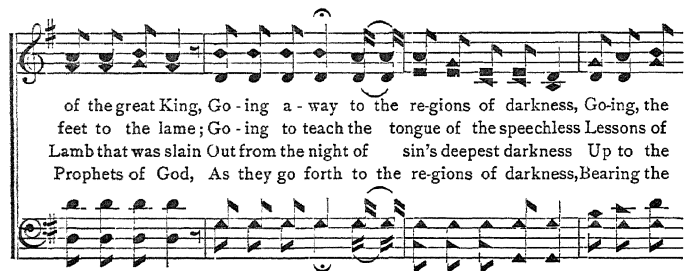
"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."—John 10: 16.

S. M. B.

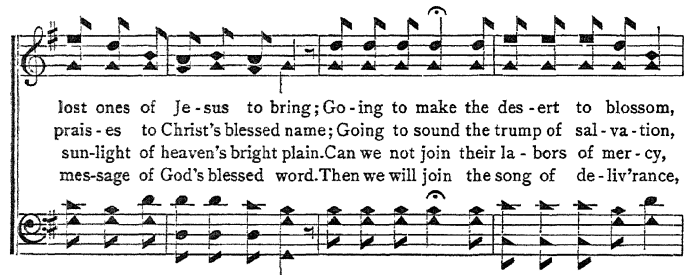
S. M. BROWN, by per.



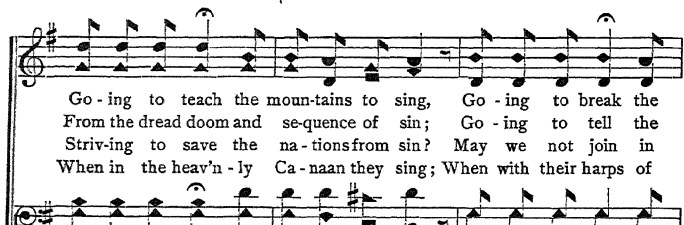
1. Go - ing a - way from the home of their childhood, Go - ing, the mes-sen-gers
 2. Go - ing to be as eyes to the blinded, Of-f'ring their ser-vice as
 3. Go - ing and weep-ing, com-ing re-joic-ing, Lead-ing the hosts of the
 4. Yes, we will join, as did Hur and Aa-ron, Stay-ing the hands of the



of the great King, Go - ing a - way to the re-gions of darkness, Go-ing, the
 feet to the lame; Go - ing to teach the tongue of the speechless Lessons of
 Lamb that was slain Out from the night of sin's deepest darkness Up to the
 Prophets of God, As they go forth to the re-gions of darkness, Bearing the



lost ones of Je - sus to bring; Go - ing to make the des - ert to blossom,
 prais - es to Christ's blessed name; Going to sound the trump of sal - va - tion,
 sun - light of heaven's bright plain. Can we not join their la - bors of mer - cy,
 mes - sage of God's blessed word. Then we will join the song of de - liv'rance,



Go - ing to teach the moun-tains to sing, Go - ing to break the
 From the dread doom and se-quence of sin; Go - ing to tell the
 Striv-ing to save the na-tions from sin? May we not join in
 When in the heav'n - ly Ca - naan they sing; When with their harps of

GOING THE LOST ONES TO BRING.

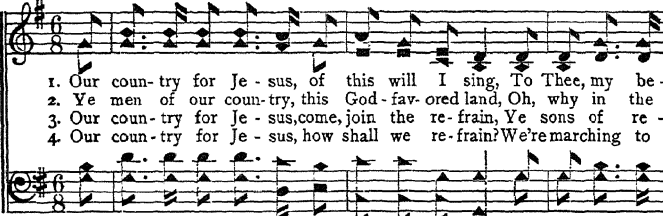
The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves, a treble staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The melody is written on the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written between the two staves. The music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

bonds of the cap - tive, Go - ing the lost ones of Je - sus to bring.
na - tions of hea - ven, Go - ing the lost ones of Je - sus to bring.
pray'r and in ser - vice, Seek - ing the lost ones of Je - sus to bring?
gold they are prais - ing Je - sus who suf - fered his lost ones to bring.

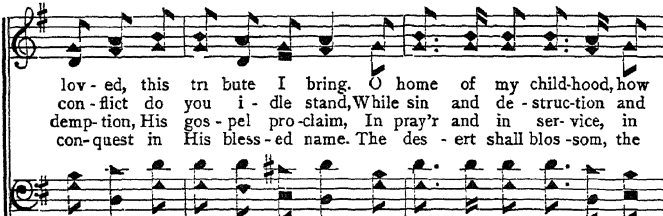
OUR COUNTRY FOR JESUS.*

S. M. B.

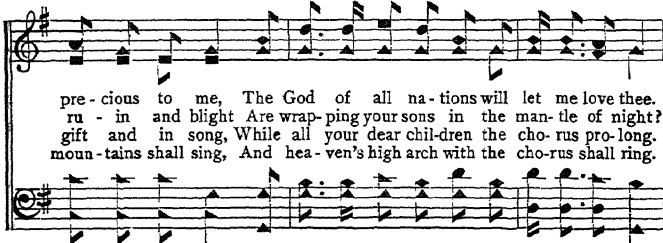
S. M. BROWN.



1. Our coun-try for Je - sus, of this will I sing, To Thee, my be -
 2. Ye men of our coun-try, this God - fav - ored land, Oh, why in the
 3. Our coun-try for Je - sus, come, join the re - frain, Ye sons of re -
 4. Our coun-try for Je - sus, how shall we re - frain? We're marching to

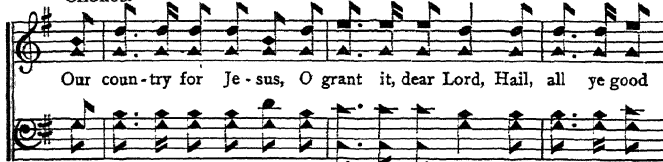


lov - ed, this tri - bute I bring. O home of my child - hood, how
 con - flict do you i - dle stand, While sin and de - struc - tion and
 demp - tion, His gos - pel pro - claim, In pray'r and in ser - vice, in
 con - quest in His bless - ed name. The des - ert shall blos - som, the

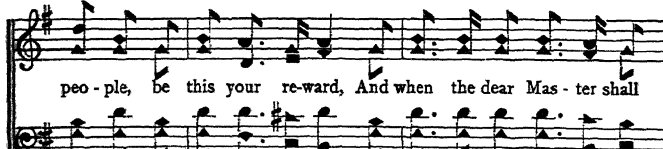


pre - cious to me, The God of all na - tions will let me love thee.
 ru - in and blight Are wrap - ping your sons in the man - tle of night?
 gift and in song, While all your dear chil - dren the cho - rus pro - long.
 moun - tains shall sing, And hea - ven's high arch with the cho - rus shall ring.

CHORUS.



Our coun-try for Je - sus, O grant it, dear Lord, Hail, all ye good



peo - ple, be this your re - ward, And when the dear Mas - ter shall



* Originally written as "Missouri for Jesus."
Copyright, 1886, by S. M. Brown.

OUR COUNTRY FOR JESUS

In the early winter of 1886 the writer was called to be Secretary of Missions in Missouri following Dr. W. Pope Yeaman, one of our greatest men. The writer knew the state, having traversed it for some years as an editor of our denominational paper. He was a young man, just out of his 20's. He felt scarcely able for the task. When spending a whole night in prayer he wrote "Missouri For Jesus," which appears here as "Our Country for Jesus." The song was also printed in North Carolina as "Carolina For Jesus," and a national women's organization in Canada purchased and used over 50,000 copies of the song. The author devoted \$500.00 from the sale of the song to state missions in 1889.


COMING IN JUDGMENT

One of the chief joys of the writer has been in his many visits to his old home near Hamptonville, North Carolina. He has made 83 of these visits in the 56 years he has resided in Missouri. Many, many times he has traveled by the Southern Railway via Knoxville, Tennessee, and up the French-broad River, up by Asheville. This is a mountain pass unsurpassed for beauty in our country. It was a beautiful afternoon, a few fleecy clouds were floating out over Asheville and to the west. We were out of Asheville traversing the head waters of the French-broad up to the top of the Blue Ridge range at Ridgecrest. Over in the range there was one great mountain which seemed to be the climax. We imagined that mountain as picturing God's throne. There was a sunset which baffled all description. The scene led me to write "Coming in Judgment."



COMING IN JUDGMENT.

S. M. B.

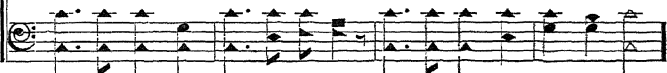
S. M. BROWN.




1. When the toils of life are end-ed, And the fi - nal hour has come,
 2. When the heav'ns are rolled to-geth-er As one great and might-y scroll,
 3. When the el - e - ments are melt-ing, And the moon is turn'd to blood,
 4. Je - sus, for that dread-ful hour, Do Thy ser-vants now pre-pare;



Will the glo - rious gold and pur-ple Of a sun - set sky be won?
 When the sol - id rocks are rend-ing At the judg-ment of the soul,
 When the na - tions all are crowding Round the judg-ment seat of God,
 May we, when the trump is sound-ing, Rise to meet Thee in the air.



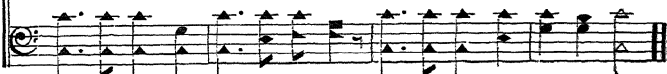
CHORUS.



When our Lord shall come in pow-er, And in glo - ry on His throne,

'Mid the judgment's aw - ful si - lence! Shall we hear Him say, "Well done?"



YES, JESUS DIED ONCE FOR ALL

A few years ago the writer wrote and published a small book entitled "The Cross of Christ." In this small treatise he presented what seemed to him a new view of the Atonement. That is, that the Atonement was coextensive with the Fall, so the whole race was reconciled to God by the death of Christ, and that men are lost by rejecting Christ, or unbelief. Turning away from the light one has is the sin of disbelief and is the measure of guilt. The song, "Yes, Jesus Died Once for All," was inspired by the theme of the book.

"For as in Adam all die. So also in Christ shall all be made alive." I Cor. 15:22.

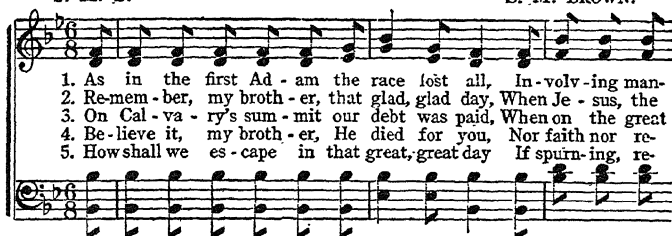
"God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." II Cor. 5:19. "And he is the propitiation for our sins and not ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." I John 2:2.

There could be no reconciliation and propitiation without an atonement. So that if propitiation and reconciliation are universal so is the Atonement.

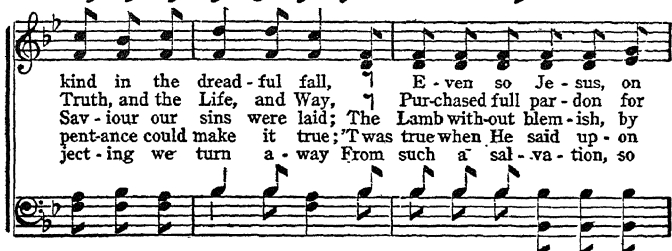
YES, JESUS DIED ONCE FOR ALL.

S. M. B.

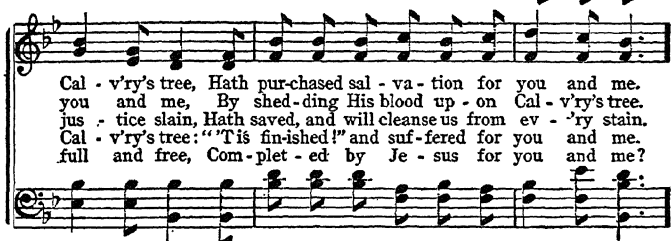
S. M. BROWN.



1. As in the first Ad - am the race lost all, In - volv - ing man -
 2. Re - mem - ber, my broth - er, that glad, glad day, When Je - sus, the
 3. On Cal - va - ry's sum - mit our debt was paid, When on the great
 4. Be - lieve it, my broth - er, He died for you, Nor faith nor re -
 5. How shall we es - cape in that great, great day If spurn - ing, re -

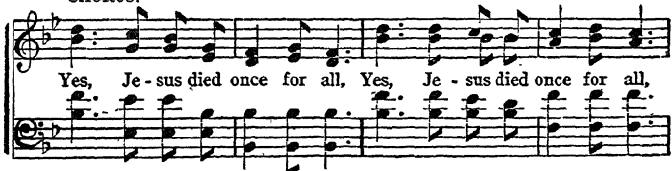


kind in the dread - ful fall, E - ven so Je - sus, on
 Truth, and the Life, and Way, Pur - chased full par - don for
 Sav - iour our sins were laid; The Lamb with - out blem - ish, by
 pen - tance could make it true; 'Twas true when He said up - on
 ject - ing we turn a - way From such a sal - va - tion, so

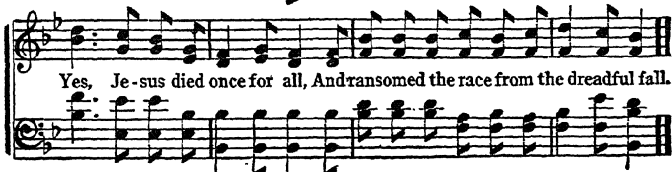


Cal - v'ry's tree, Hath pur - chased sal - va - tion for you and me.
 you and me, By shed - ding His blood up - on Cal - v'ry's tree.
 jus - tice slain, Hath saved, and will cleanse us from ev - 'ry stain.
 Cal - v'ry's tree: "Tis fin - ished!" and suf - fer - ed for you and me.
 full and free, Com - plet - ed by Je - sus for you and me?

CHORUS.



Yes, Je - sus died once for all, Yes, Je - sus died once for all,



Yes, Je - sus died once for all, And ransomed the race from the dreadful fall.

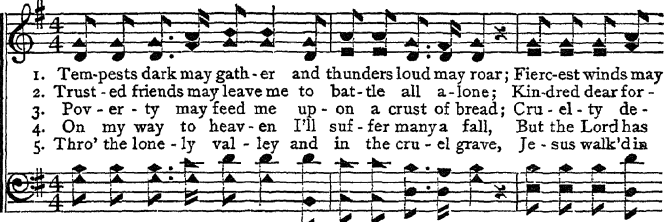
JESUS IS WITH ME
MY HEART IS FULL OF LOVE FOR THE
SAVIOUR

Two at one time. The writer was going from church to church in Central Missouri in the interest of the denominational work he was trying to do. His lifelong friend, Prof. J. M. Hunt, the great music composer and singer, was with him. Great crowds of people were coming to hear us day and night. It was fine summer weather. I was preaching three times each day. I was subjected to some persecutions. I sat under a great elm tree and spent an hour trying to recount God's gracious goodness to me. I thought of how the Savior's persecutions surpassed my own and how He had blest me. So I wrote "Jesus Is With Me" and "My Heart Is Full of Love for the Savior." I was happy.

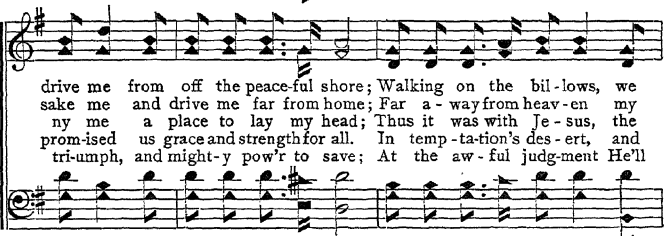
JESUS IS WITH ME.

S. M. B.

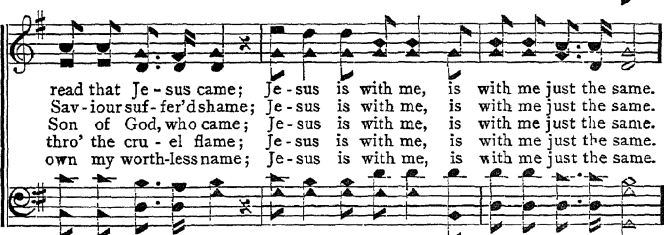
S. M. BROWN.



1. Tem-pests dark may gath-er and thunders loud may roar; Fierc-est winds may
 2. Trust-ed friends may leave me to bat-tle all a-lone; Kin-dred dear for-
 3. Pov-er-ty may feed me up-on a crust of bread; Cru-el-ty de-
 4. On my way to heav-en I'll suf-fer many a fall, But the Lord has
 5. Thro' the lone-ly val-ley and in the cru-el grave, Je-sus walk'd in

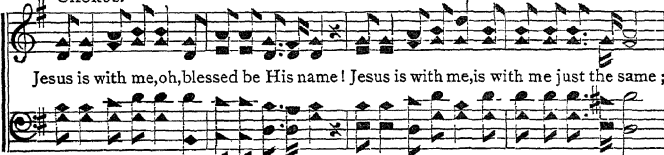


drive me from off the peace-ful shore; Walking on the bil-lows, we
 sake me and drive me far from home; Far a-way from heav-en my
 ny me a place to lay my head; Thus it was with Je-sus, the
 prom-ised us grace and strength for all. In temp-tation's des-ert, and
 tri-umph, and might-y pow'r to save; At the aw-ful judg-ment He'll

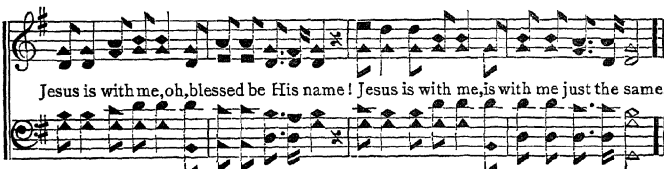


read that Je-sus came; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.
 Sav-iours suf-fer'd shame; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.
 Son of God, who came; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.
 thro' the cru-el flame; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.
 own my worth-less name; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.

CHORUS.



Jesus is with me, oh, blessed be His name! Jesus is with me, is with me just the same;

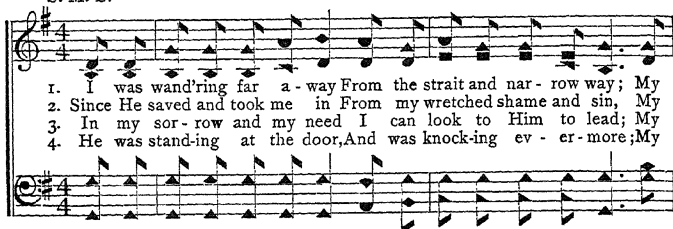


Jesus is with me, oh, blessed be His name! Jesus is with me, is with me just the same.

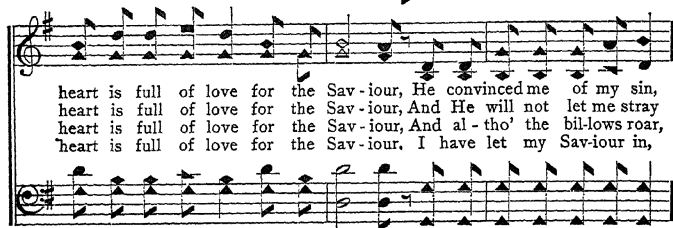
MY HEART IS FULL OF LOVE FOR THE SAVIOUR.

S. M. B.

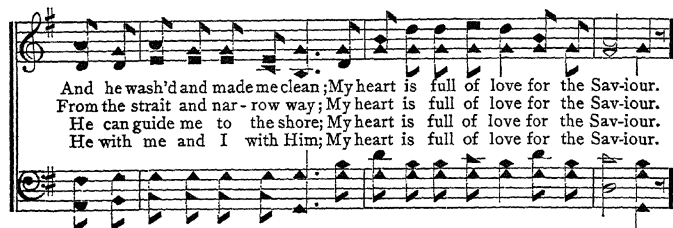
S. M. BROWN.



1. I was wand'ring far a-way From the strait and nar-row way; My
 2. Since He saved and took me in From my wretched shame and sin, My
 3. In my sor-row and my need I can look to Him to lead; My
 4. He was stand-ing at the door, And was knock-ing ev-er-more; My



heart is full of love for the Sav-iour, He convinced me of my sin,
 heart is full of love for the Sav-iour, And He will not let me stray
 heart is full of love for the Sav-iour, And al-tho' the bil-lows roar,
 heart is full of love for the Sav-iour, I have let my Sav-iour in,

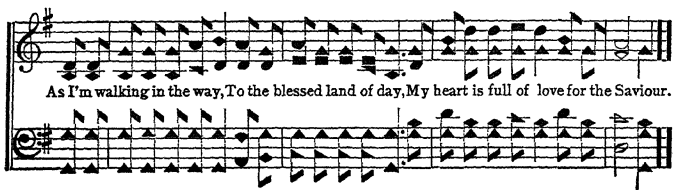


And he wash'd and made me clean; My heart is full of love for the Sav-iour.
 From the strait and nar-row way; My heart is full of love for the Sav-iour.
 He can guide me to the shore; My heart is full of love for the Sav-iour.
 He with me and I with Him; My heart is full of love for the Sav-iour.

CHORUS.



My heart is full of love for the Sav-iour, My heart is full of love for the Saviour.



As I'm walking in the way, To the blessed land of day, My heart is full of love for the Saviour.

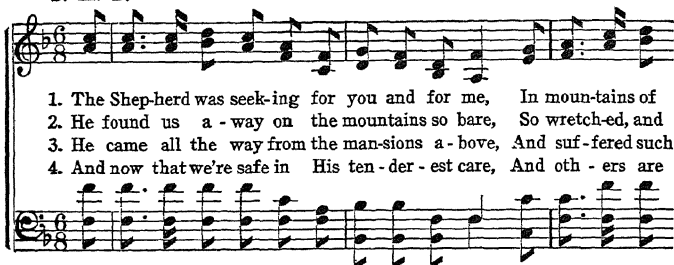
TO GATHER THE WANDERER IN

On my way to Missouri in 1877 I heard Mr. Sankey sing the “Ninety and Nine.” The song led me to write “To Gather the Wanderer In.”

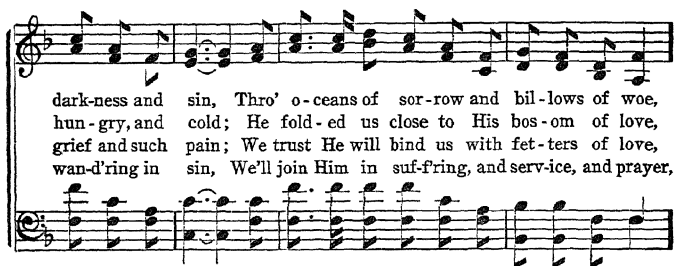
TO GATHER THE WANDERER IN.

S. M. B.

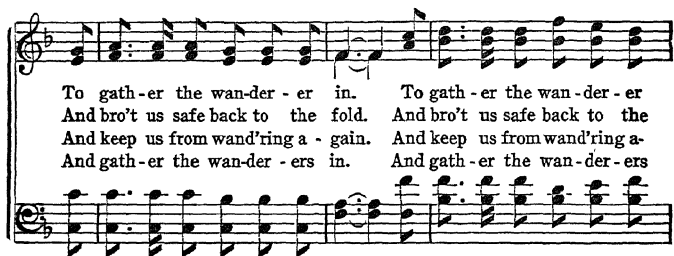
S. M. BROWN.



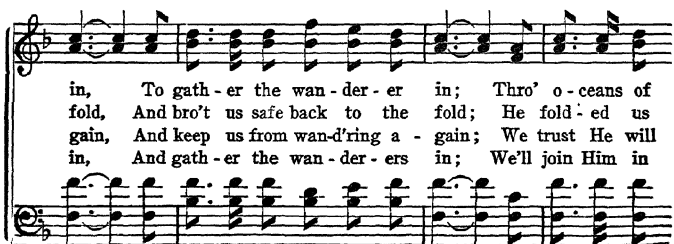
1. The Shep-herd was seek-ing for you and for me, In moun-tains of
 2. He found us a - way on the mountains so bare, So wretch-ed, and
 3. He came all the way from the man-sions a - bove, And suf-fered such
 4. And now that we're safe in His ten-der-est care, And oth-ers are



dark-ness and sin, Thro' o-ceans of sor-row and bil-lows of woe,
 hun-gry, and cold; He fold-ed us close to His bos-om of love,
 grief and such pain; We trust He will bind us with fet-ters of love,
 wan-d'ring in sin, We'll join Him in suf-fring, and serv-ice, and prayer,



To gath-er the wan-der-er in. To gath-er the wan-der-er
 And bro't us safe back to the fold. And bro't us safe back to the
 And keep us from wand'ring a - gain. And keep us from wand'ring a -
 And gath-er the wan-der-ers in. And gath-er the wan-der-ers



in, To gath-er the wan-der-er in; Thro' o-ceans of
 fold, And bro't us safe back to the fold; He fold-ed us
 gain, And keep us from wan-d'ring a - gain; We trust He will
 in, And gath-er the wan-der-ers in; We'll join Him in

TO GATHER THE WANDERER IN.



sor-row and bil-lows of woe, To gath-er the wan-der-er in.
close to His bos-om of love, And bro't us safe back to the fold.
bind us with fet-ters of love, And keep us from wand'ring a - gain.
suff'ring, and service, and prayer, And gath-er the wan-der-ers in.



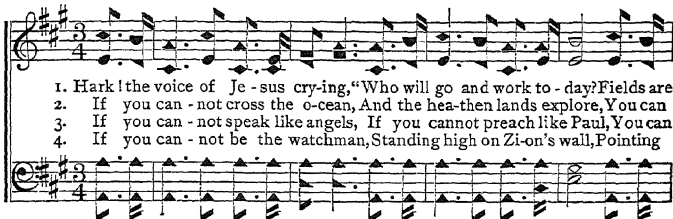
HERE AM I, SEND ME

The first music I attempted to compose was the following attempt to interpret Daniel March's great hymn, "Hark the Voice of Jesus Crying." My effort was induced by the going of a Missouri young woman as a missionary to China.

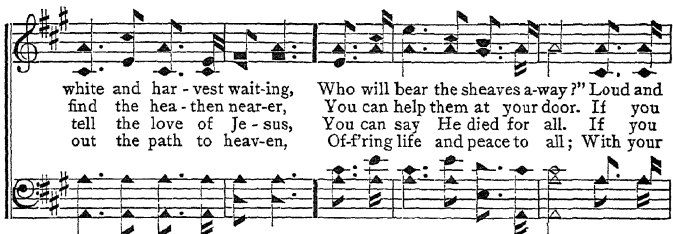
HERE AM I, SEND ME.

Rev DANIEL MARCH.

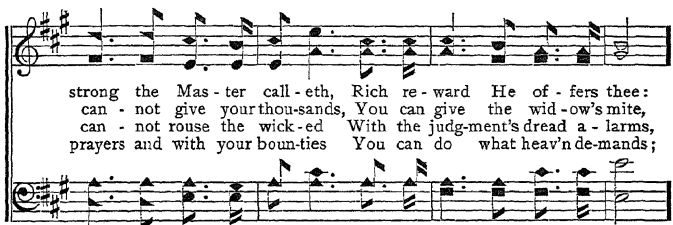
S. M. BROWN.



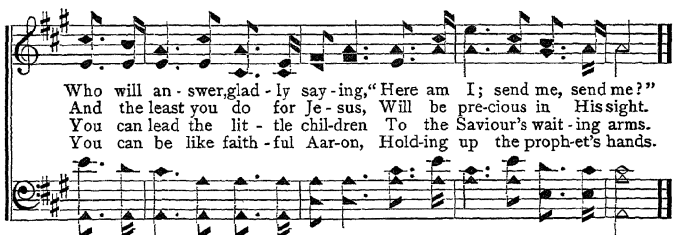
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry-ing, "Who will go and work to - day? Fields are
 2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the hea - then lands explore, You can
 3. If you can - not speak like angels, If you cannot preach like Paul, You can
 4. If you can - not be the watchman, Standing high on Zi-on's wall, Pointing



white and har - vest wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?" Loud and
 find the hea - then near-er, You can help them at your door. If you
 tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all. If you
 out the path to heav-en, Of-fring life and peace to all; With your



strong the Mas - ter call-eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee:
 can - not give your thou - sands, You can give the wid - ow's mite,
 can - not rouse the wick - ed With the judg - ment's dread a - larms,
 prayers and with your boun - ties You can do what heav'n de - mands;



Who will an - swer, glad - ly say-ing, "Here am I; send me, send me?"
 And the least you do for Je - sus, Will be pre - cious in His sight.
 You can lead the lit - tle chil - dren To the Saviour's wait - ing arms.
 You can be like faith - ful Aar-on, Hold-ing up the proph-et's hands.

5 If among the older people,
 You may not be apt to teach; [herd,
 "Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shep-
 "Place the food within their reach."
 And it may be that the children
 You have led with trembling hand
 Will be found among your jewels,
 When you reach the better land.

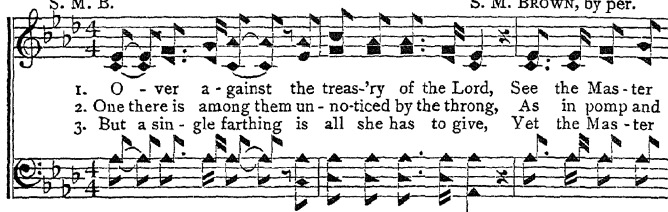
6 Let none hear you idly saying,
 "There is nothing I can do,"
 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you.
 Take the task He gives you gladly,
 Let His work your pleasure be;
 Answer quickly when He calleth,
 "Here am I; send me, send me!"

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

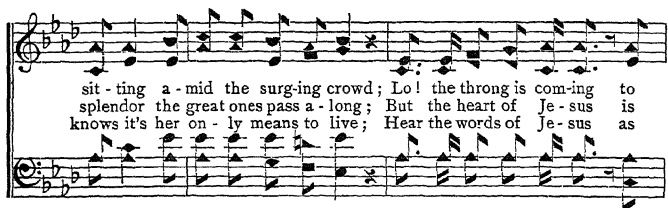
Mark 12:42.

S. M. B.

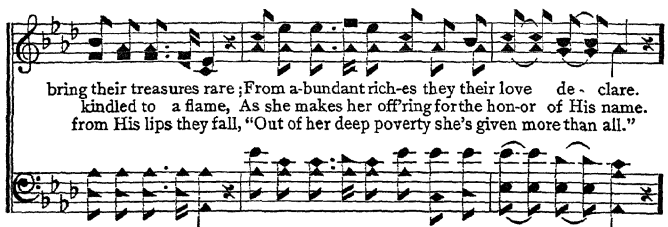
S. M. BROWN, by per.



1. O - ver a - gainst the treas - ry of the Lord, See the Mas - ter
2. One there is among them un - no - ticed by the throng, As in pomp and
3. But a sin - gle farthing is all she has to give, Yet the Mas - ter

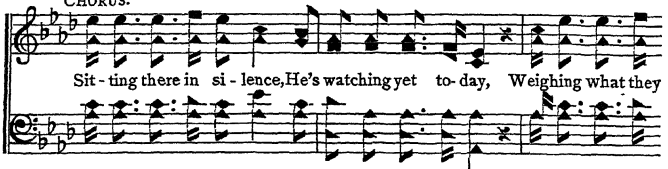


sit - ting a - mid the surg - ing crowd; Lo! the throng is com - ing to
splendor the great ones pass a - long; But the heart of Je - sus is
knows it's her on - ly means to live; Hear the words of Je - sus as




bring their treasures rare; From a - bundant rich - es they their love de - clare.
kindled to a flame, As she makes her off - ring for the hon - or of His name.
from His lips they fall, "Out of her deep poverty she's given more than all."

CHORUS.



Sit - ting there in si - lence, He's watch - ing yet to - day, Weigh - ing what they



of - fer as they come and go a - way; Shall it be, to Je - sus, the

THE WIDOW'S MITE.



THE WIDOW'S MITE

Years ago I was asked to set to music the story of "The Widow's Mite." The preceding was my attempt to comply.

THE BLESSED NAME OF JESUS


Thinking of the meaning and preciousness of the Name of Jesus, I wrote the following song. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

"There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven;
The name before His wondrous birth
To Christ the Savior given."

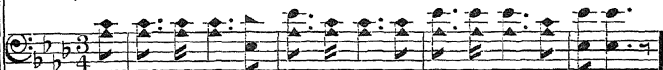

THE BLESSED NAME OF JESUS.

S. M. B.


S. M. BROWN.



1. It is a most de-light-ful theme, The bless-ed name of Je-sus ;
2. The sin-ner's hope, the Chris-tian's stay, The bless-ed name of Je-sus ;
3. Our work be-low is for and in The bless-ed name of Je-sus ;
4. 'Tis for His name we leave our sin, The bless-ed name of Je-sus ;


We love and serve, a - dore and sing, The bless-ed name of Je-sus.
 The light, the life, the truth, the way, The bless-ed name of Je-sus.
 We, thro' this name, the vic - t'ry win, The bless-ed name of Je-sus.
 At heav-en's gate we're welcomed in The bless-ed name of Je-sus.




CHORUS.



It is the theme a - round the throne, The bless-ed name of Je-sus ;

For God's redeem'd de-light to own The bless-ed name of Je-sus.



SINCE THAT OLD FARM WAS SOLD


An aged woman—almost 90—gave me a little faded clipping from a newspaper containing three stanzas of the following song. I added the fourth stanza and wrote the music, appropriate for our time.

SINCE THAT OLD FARM WAS SOLD.



First three stanzas, author unknown.

Fourth stanza by S. M. B.

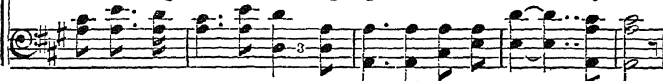

S. M. BROWN.



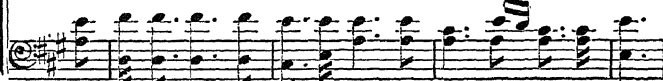

1. I've wan-dered o - ver man - y lands, And crossed the rest - less sea,
 2. Be - neath the chest - nut trees I've played On man - ya sum - mer's day,
 3. Each rock, and hill, and wood - ed glen Is linked with mem - ry's chain;
 4. The heav'n - ly home is built on high, Be - yond the change of time;


But ne'er a spot on God's green earth Has seemed so dear to me
 While from the meadows just be - low Came scent of new - mown hay.
 The homestead, nest - ling 'mid the trees, Comes smiling back a - gain.
 Its charm - ing scenes are draw - ing' nigh, I hear the heav'n - ly chime.

As that old home where childhood's years Life's pa - ges first un - rolled;
 The reaper's song comes not a - gain From fields of wav - ing gold,
 The drow - sy note of tink - ling bells, Of sheep with - in the fold,
 The ti - tle to that bless - ed home I gave my Lord to hold;

My tho'ts go back in vain re - gret Since that old farm was sold.
 To fill 'our hearts with glad con - tent, Since that old farm was sold.
 Comes back a - gain in dreams to me, Since that old farm was sold.
 If by His grace I en - ter there, That home will ne'er be sold.



COME JOIN THE ARMY

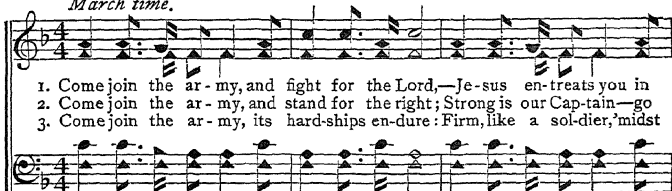
On our way to Southeast Missouri to hold meetings our Missouri Pacific train took us through the Army Barracks below St. Louis. Passing along the scene I wrote "Come Join the Army."

COME JOIN THE ARMY.

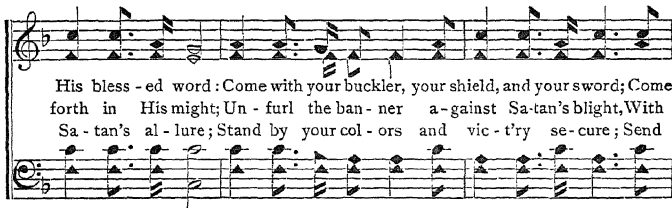
"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." — Rev. 2: 10.

S. M. BROWN.

March time.

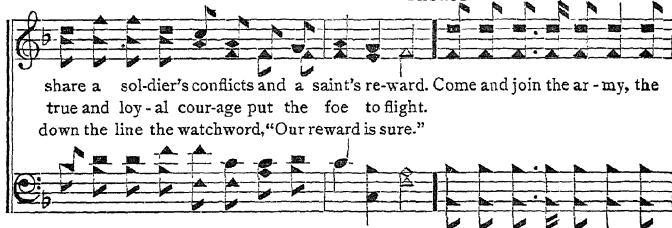


1. Come join the ar-my, and fight for the Lord,—Je-sus en-treats you in
 2. Come join the ar-my, and stand for the right; Strong is our Cap-tain—go
 3. Come join the ar-my, its hard-ships en-dure: Firm, like a sol-dier, 'midst

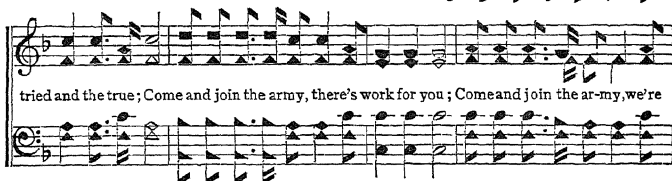


His bless-ed word: Come with your buckler, your shield, and your sword; Come
 forth in His might; Un-furl the ban-ner a-against Sa-tan's blight, With
 Sa-tan's al-lure; Stand by your col-ors and vic-t'ry se-cure; Send

CHORUS.



share a sol-dier's conflicts and a saint's re-ward. Come and join the ar-my, the
 true and loy-al cour-age put the foe to flight.
 down the line the watchword, "Our reward is sure."



tried and the true; Come and join the army, there's work for you; Come and join the ar-my, we're



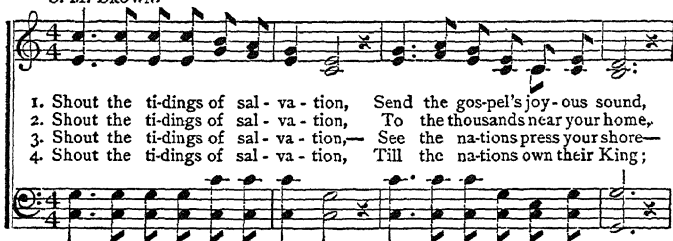
bat-ting for the Lord; Come share a sol-dier's conflicts and a saint's re-ward.

SHOUT THE TIDINGS

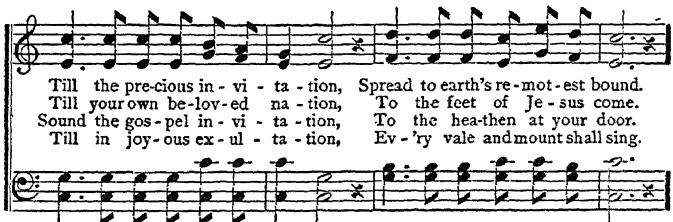
When the writer superintended missions in Missouri all mission work in all the world would often pass before him as one. State, Home and Foreign Missions are one. "The field is the world."

SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

S. M. BROWN.

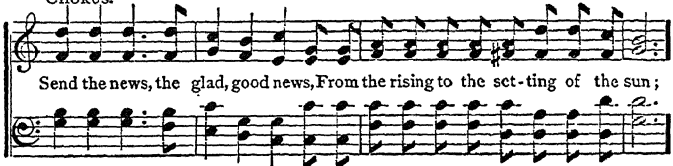


1. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion, Send the gos-pel's joy-ous sound,
 2. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion, To the thousands near your home,
 3. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion, See the na-tions press your shore—
 4. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion, Till the na-tions own their King;

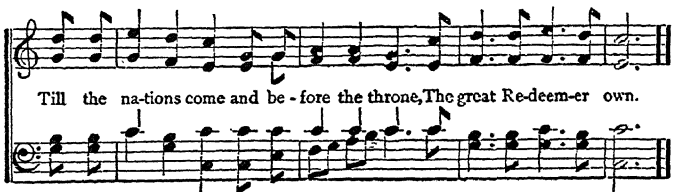


Till the pre-cious in - vi - ta - tion, Spread to earth's re-mot-est bound.
 Till your own be-lov-ed na - tion, To the feet of Je - sus come.
 Sound the gos-pel in - vi - ta - tion, To the hea-then at your door.
 Till in joy-ous ex-ul - ta - tion, Ev-'ry vale and mount shall sing.

CHORUS.



Send the news, the glad, good news, From the rising to the set-ting of the sun;



Till the na-tions come and be - fore the throne, The great Re-deem-er own.


IN EVIL LONG I TOOK DELIGHT

It is now near 50 years since coming into St. Louis on a late train the writer walked several blocks in the downtown portion of the city. There were enticements to wicked places on every hand. We realized nothing but the grace of God and faith in the crucified Savior could save a young man in the face of such alluring temptations. When we reached our hotel that night we sat down and composed a tune to John Newton's great gospel hymn, "In Evil Long I Took Delight," and his wonderful experience seemed something like my own humble trial.


IN EVIL LONG I TOOK DELIGHT.

JOHN NEWTON.


S. M. BROWN.



1. In e - vil long I took de-light, Unawed by shame or fear, Till a new object
2. O, nev - er, till my latest breath, Shall I forget that look ; It seemed to charge me
3. A second look He gave, which said, "I freely all for-give ; This blood is for thy



struck my sight, And stopp'd my wild career. I saw one hanging on a tree, In
with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke. My conscience felt and owed the guilt, It
ransom paid ; I die that thou mayst live." Thus, while His death my sin displays In



ag - o-nies and blood ; He fix'd His languid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
plung'd me in despair ; I saw my sins His blood had spilt, And help'd to nail Him there.
all its darkest hue, Such is the myster - y of grace, It seals my par-don too.

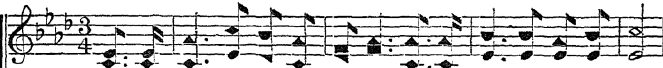
SHADOWS ON OUR LIVES

The great sad poem is no doubt true and carries with it a solemn warning, but the forgiving grace of God enabled the Psalmist to sing: "As far as the East is from the West so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." Psa. 103:12.

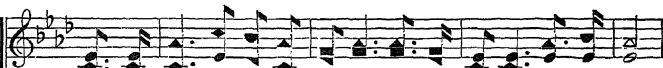
SHADOWS ON OUR LIVES.

THOS. DUNN ENGLISH.


S. M. BROWN.



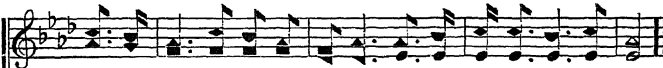
1. In the dense and leaf-y woodland, From each loft-y tree-top down,
 2. When our life is young and buoyant, When our hopes are high and strong,
 3. Words, in care-less moments ut-tered, And by us for-got-ten soon,
 4. Some ne-glect of bound-en du-ty, But a tri-ble at the time,
 5. When, our life's day near-ly end-ed, Comes the set-ting of the sun;
 6. When our sun-set fades to twilight, And the fi-nal hour is here;



Flecked with dash-es of the sun-light, Falls the shad-ow cool and brown.
 Then be-ware of thought-less er-rors That are some-thing less than wrong;
 Grow with those whose hearts are wounded, As the fresh-ets swell in June.
 Mere-ly dis-cord in the mu-sic, Mere-ly er-ror in the rhyme—
 Though the crim-son, gold, and pur-ple Of a sun-set sky be won;
 When the world a-round is pass-ing, And the world to come is near;



But how dif-ferent is the shad-ow Which our soul of light de-priv-es;
 For, tho' each may be a tri-ble, As a shad-ow it sur-iv-es;
 More than bur-thens they may crush us, They may gall us more than gyves;
 Worse than whips some day may lash us, Or may wound us worse than knives,
 Though we close the day in hon-or, He-roe's e-ven to our wives,
 Then our mem'-ries throng a-round us, And the flesh with spir-it strives,



Dif-ferent far from ma-n-y shad-ows Nev-er lift-ed from our lives.
 And we nev-er thro'-en-deav-or Lift that shad-ow from our lives.
 Strive we e'er so much we nev-er Lift the shad-ows from our lives.
 And our deep re-morse shall nev-er Lift the shad-ow from our lives.
 Yet this glow ex-pir-ing nev-er Lifts the shad-ow from our lives.
 And we nev-er, nev-er, nev-er Lift the shadows from our lives.


SINGING IN THE SOUL'S BRIGHT HOME

There was in the membership of a large church of which the writer was pastor a very orderly family consisting of the father, mother and three little daughters. They occupied the same pew each Sunday. The mother joined in singing the congregational songs. The perfect sympathetic attention of that orderly little family attracted and helped the pastor. The mother seemed to enjoy perfect health, but a brief illness was fatal to her and we buried her from the church. The Sunday morning following the funeral the pastor had just taken his seat in the pulpit for the morning service when the father came in with his three little daughters and they reverently came down to their accustomed pew. The sight was inexpressibly sad and the question, Where is Mother? came as a shock. The outline of the song came like a flash.



SINGING IN THE SOUL'S BRIGHT HOME.

S. M. B.


S. M. BROWN.




1. She has pass'd to the land of the mansions fair, Singing in the soul's bright home;
2. Lit-tle children are left to a father's care, Wending to the soul's bright home;
3. Lit-tle feet oft will tire in the rug-ged road, Sad and lonely they will be;
4. Blessed Father of love, may Thy gracious hand Lead them in the blessed way;

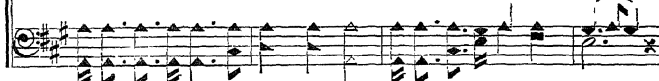

She will pa-tiently wait till they all meet there, Singing in the soul's bright home.
We will give him the help of a brother's pray'r, Going to the soul's bright home.
But a dear mother's hand beckons them to God, Come, my precious ones, to me.
Till they all meet her there in the heav'nly land, Sharing that e-ter-nal day.




CHORUS.



O the home, the soul's bright home, Singing in the soul's bright home.
Singing in the home,

O the home, the soul's bright home, Singing in the soul's bright home.
Singing in the home,

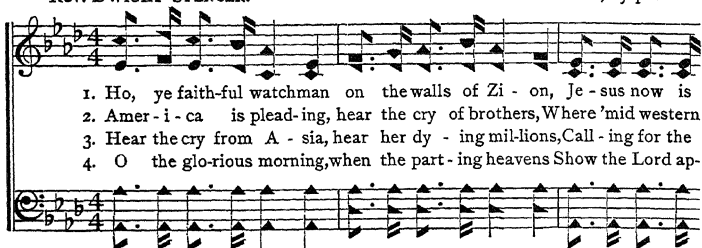


BRING YE IN THE TITHES.

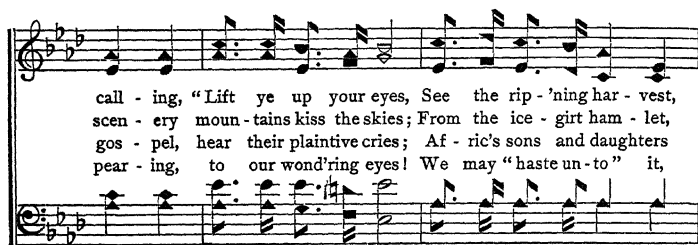
Mal. 3 : 10.

Rev. DWIGHT SPENCER.

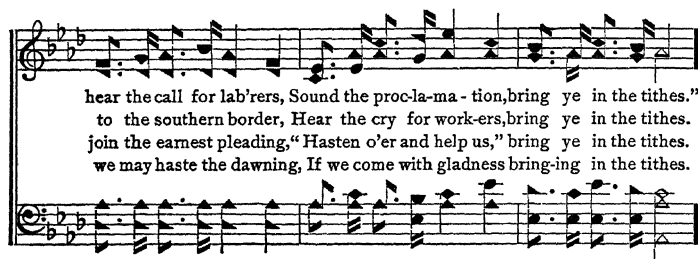
S. M. BROWN, by per.



1. Ho, ye faith-ful watchman on the walls of Zi - on, Je - sus now is
 2. Amer - i - ca is plead-ing, hear the cry of brothers, Where 'mid western
 3. Hear the cry from A - sia, hear her dy - ing mil-lions, Call - ing for the
 4. O the glo-rious morning, when the part - ing heavens Show the Lord ap-

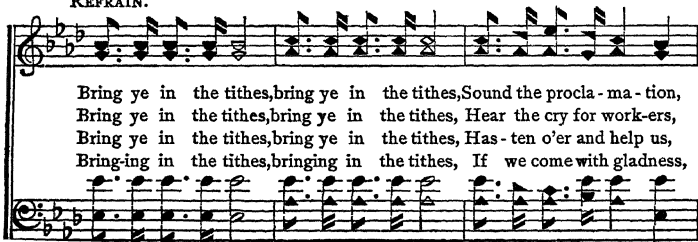


call - ing, "Lift ye up your eyes, See the rip - 'ning har - vest,
 scen - ery moun - tains kiss the skies; From the ice - girt ham - let,
 gos - pel, hear their plaintive cries; Af - ric's sons and daughters
 pear - ing, to our wond'ring eyes! We may "haste un-to" it,



hear the call for lab'ers, Sound the proc-la-ma - tion, bring ye in the tithes."
 to the southern border, Hear the cry for work-ers, bring ye in the tithes.
 join the earnest pleading, "Hasten o'er and help us," bring ye in the tithes.
 we may haste the dawning, If we come with gladness bring-ing in the tithes.

REFRAIN.



Bring ye in the tithes, bring ye in the tithes, Sound the procla - ma - tion,
 Bring ye in the tithes, bring ye in the tithes, Hear the cry for work-ers,
 Bring ye in the tithes, bring ye in the tithes, Has - ten o'er and help us,
 Bring-ing in the tithes, bringing in the tithes, If we come with gladness,

BRING YE IN THE TITHES.

bring ye in the tithes; See the ripening har - vest, hear the call for
bring ye in the tithes; From the ice - girt ham - let to the southern
bring ye in the tithes; Af-ric's sons and daugh-ters join the ear - nest
bring-ing in the tithes; We may "haste unto" it, we may haste the

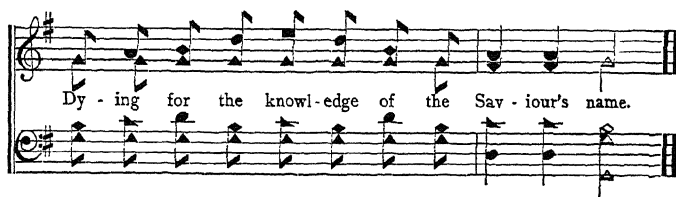
la - b'rers, Sound the proc - la - ma - tion, bring ye in the tithes.
bor - der, Hear the cry for work - ers, bring ye in the tithes.
plead - ing, "Has - ten o'er and help us," bring ye in the tithes.
dawn - ing, If we come with glad - ness, bring-ing in the tithes.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The score is divided into two systems, each with a repeat sign at the end.

BRING YE IN THE TITHES

When the writer was representing State Missions in Missouri, Dr. Dwight Spencer came to Missouri as the representative of the Baptist Home Mission Society at New York. Dr. Spencer and the writer went over Missouri together. He was a gentleman of the highest type.

DYING FOR THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS.



DYING FOR THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS

In presenting the claims of mission work the writer thought of the condition of the lost as an appeal to the saved.

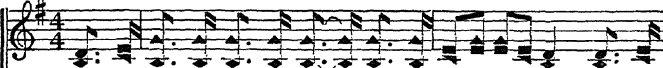
THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF LOVE

When the news came to the writer that Dr. W. H. Williams was dead, the writer stood in front of the meeting-house in Kansas City and composed the following song:

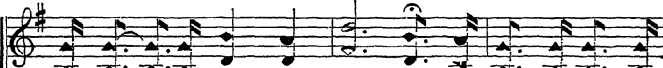
THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF LOVE.

S. M. B.


S. M. BROWN.



1. I am think-ing of a home where there is no sin, Nei-ther
 2. They are com-ing now to- geth- er from the north and south, From the
 3. Thro' the val- ley of the shad-ows and the hills of song, They have
 4. They were part-ed in the val- ley of the death-cold stream, Now they're
 5. Say, my broth-er, are you read-y for that com-ing day? Are you



sor- row nor death nor tears; Of the dawn-ing of a
 ris-ing to the set- ting sun; They are sol- diers in an
 pa- tient- ly press'd their way; They are join- ing in the
 meet-ing, there, face to face; They are heav- en pur- chased
 read- y to join that throng? Wont you come and jour- ney

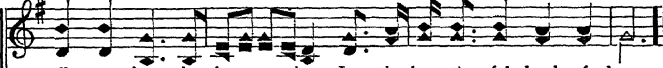


light where there falls no night, Thro' the cy- cles of the end- less years.
 ar- my of a mor- tal strife, But the crown- ing day is now be- gun.
 chor- us of the blood- wash'd throng, In the cit- y of e- ter- nal day.
 trophies of re- deem- ing love; They were sinners, but were sav'd by grace.
 with us in the bless- ed way, And join in the heav- en- ly song?

CHORUS.



Oh, the beau- ti- ful land of love! Oh, the beau- ti- ful land of love! We shall



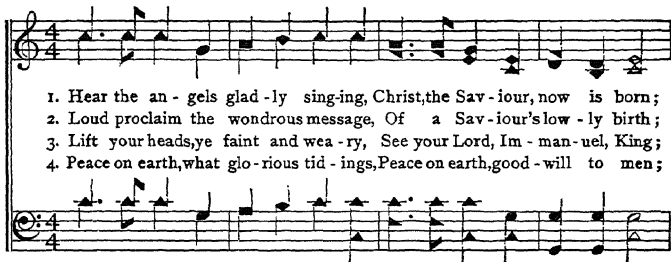
all meet there, its joys to share, In the beau- ti- ful land of love.

PEACE ON EARTH

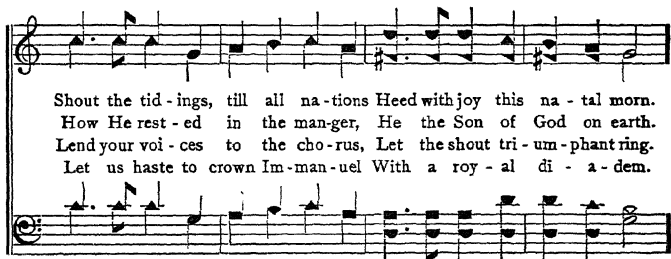
“Peace on Earth” is an appropriate Christmas song.

PEACE ON EARTH.

S. M. BROWN.

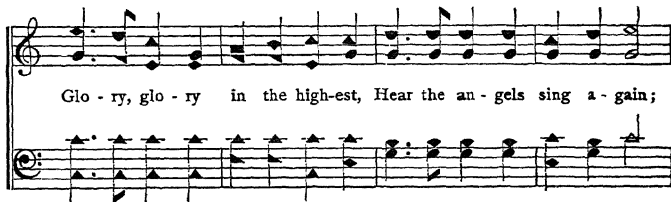


1. Hear the an - gels glad - ly sing - ing, Christ, the Sav - iour, now is born;
2. Loud proclaim the wondrous message, Of a Sav - iour's low - ly birth;
3. Lift your heads, ye faint and wea - ry, See your Lord, Im - man - uel, King;
4. Peace on earth, what glo - rious tid - ings, Peace on earth, good - will to men;

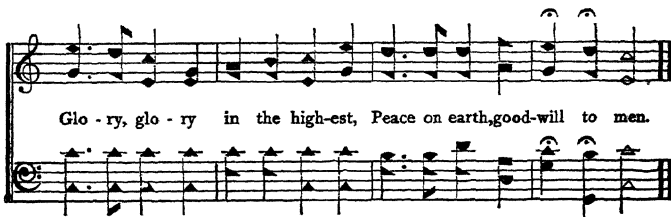


Shout the tid - ings, till all na - tions Heed with joy this na - tal morn.
How He rest - ed in the man - ger, He the Son of God on earth.
Lend your voi - ces to the cho - rus, Let the shout tri - um - phant ring.
Let us haste to crown Im - man - uel With a roy - al di - a - dem.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est, Hear the an - gels sing a - gain;



Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est, Peace on earth, good - will to men.

PROMISED LAND

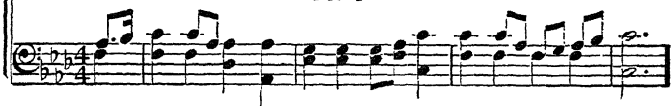
The writer is here inserting the one song contained in this little volume of which he is not the author. It is the song that was sung when the writer joined the church. He was eleven years old. The writer's father, Rev. W. G. Brown, was pastor of Old Flat Rock Church in the village of Hamptonville, North Carolina, forty-two years. In the old days of 1866, it was the custom of the old church, now more than 200 years old, to hold a "big meeting" once a year. This meeting was held the last of October. It usually lasted one week. In the fall of 1866 Rev. Elias Dodson assisted the pastor in the meeting. On Monday night at the beginning of the meeting, Mr. Dodson's text was: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Eccl. 12:1. The writer was alarmed by a feeling of fear and dread before the services began. He went forward for prayers and publicly confessed faith in Jesus, but was soon troubled with doubts and became convinced that his experience was groundless and that he was not fit to join the church. Saturday came and the house was packed with people. The writer sat about the middle of the congregation. Mother sat near the pulpit where the writer could see her plainly from where he sat. He had watched mother's face while father was preaching. Her face looked so troubled, the writer thought something must have happened. The invitation to join the church was given. The writer had made up his mind that he was not fit to join the church even if they would have him. But

SAMUEL STENNETT.

Har. by J. M. HUNT.



1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines onee-ter-nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds nor pois'nous breath Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?



To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God, the Sun, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Father's face, And in His bos-om rest?



CHORUS.



I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land;



O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.



to his astonishment, when they began to sing mother joined in the singing and when she came to the words of the refrain: "O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the Promised Land," she looked at me and tears were coming down her blessed face. She drew me. She broke me. I pressed my way to her and putting my little sunburnt hand in hers this is exactly what I said to her: "O Mamma I would go with you today or die." I could not stay away. "I am bound for the Promised Land."

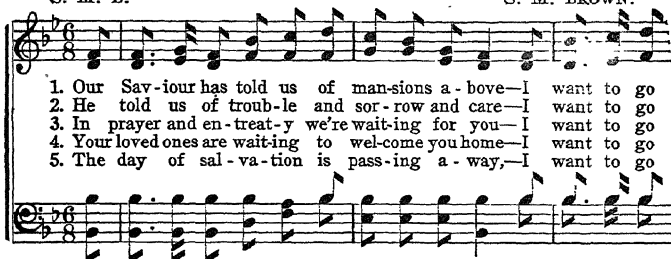
I WANT TO GO THERE

As I have recited, in other parts of the story of my experience, my father and two of my brothers, Rev. Solomon D. and Rev. William Jordan Brown, were Baptist ministers. The former, Rev. Solomon D. Brown, was with his wife on a journey of many miles to preach at a distant country church. They stopped to spend the night with a farmer friend, and after the evening meal my brother, who was a fine singer, was asked to sing. He sang two of my songs: "*Going Back Home*" and the song I am inserting here, "*I Want to Go There.*" After singing he complained of feeling ill, and walking out on a porch he sat down, and in a few minutes he was dead. "Be ye also ready."

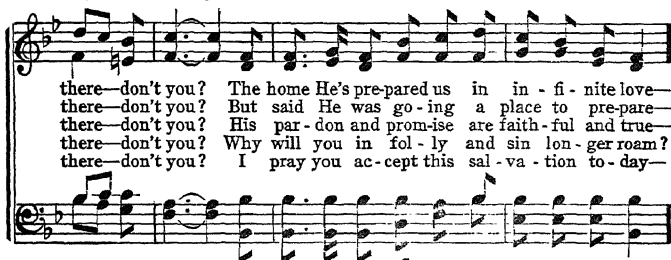
I WANT TO GO THERE.

S. M. B.

S. M. BROWN.

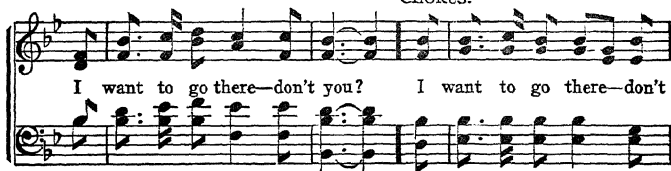


1. Our Sav-iour has told us of man-sions a - bove—I want to go
 2. He told us of trou-ble and sor-row and care—I want to go
 3. In prayer and en-treat-y we're wait-ing for you—I want to go
 4. Your loved ones are wait-ing to wel-come you home—I want to go
 5. The day of sal - va - tion is pass-ing a - way,—I want to go

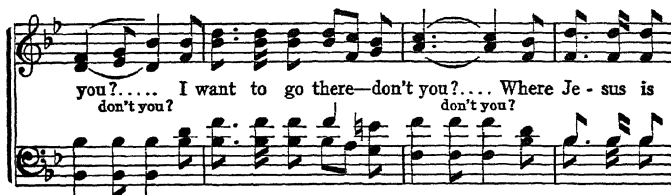


there—don't you? The home He's pre-pared us in in - fi - nite love—
 there—don't you? But said He was go - ing a place to pre-pare—
 there—don't you? His par - don and prom - ise are faith - ful and true—
 there—don't you? Why will you in fol - ly and sin lon - ger roam?
 there—don't you? I pray you ac - cept this sal - va - tion to - day—

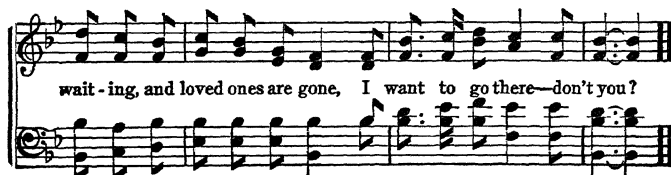
CHORUS.



I want to go there—don't you? I want to go there—don't



you?... I want to go there—don't you?... Where Je - sus is
 don't you? don't you?



wait - ing, and loved ones are gone, I want to go there—don't you?

RETIRING IN CAMP

When our sons were in France, in the awful World War, the following song, "*Retiring in Camp*," which I had composed some years before, came to me anew, when in a lonely woods in Montgomery County, Missouri, I was trying to pray.

RETIRING IN CAMP.

S. M. BROWN.

1. Near the camp-fire's flick'-ring light, In my blan-ket bed I lie,
 2. Sad-ly sings the whip-poor-will In the boughs of yon-der tree,
 3. 'Mid the stars one face I see—One whose sins were washed a-way—
 4. Faint-er grows the flick'-ring light, As each em-ber slow-ly dies;

Gaz-ing thro' the shades of night And the twink-ling stars on high;
 Laugh-ing-ly the danc-ing rill Swells the mid-night mel-o-dy;
 Moth-er, who in in-fan-cy Taught my ba-by lips to pray;
 Plain-tive-ly the birds of night Fill the air with sad'-ning cries.

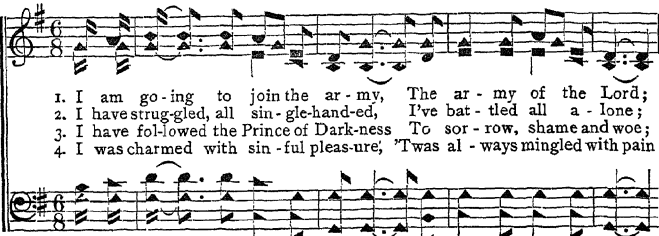
O'er me, spir-its in the air Si-lent vig-ils seem to keep,
 Foe-men may be lurk-ing near In the can-yon dark and deep—
 Her sweet spir-it hov-ers near, In this lone-ly moun-tain brake—
 O-ver me they seem to cry, "You may nev-er more a-wake."

As I breathe my child-hood's pray'r, "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
 Low I breathe in Je-sus' ear, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep."
 Take me to her, Sav-iour, dear, "If I should die be-fore I wake,"
 Low I lisp, "If I should die, I pray the Lord my soul to take."


I AM GOING TO TELL THE STORY.

S. M. B.

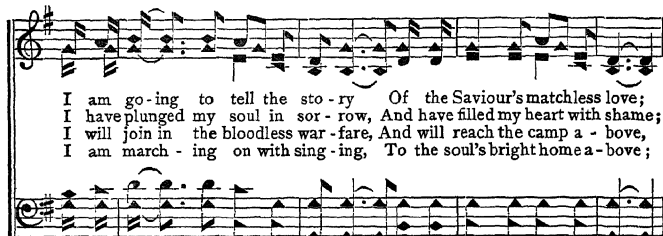
S. M. BROWN.



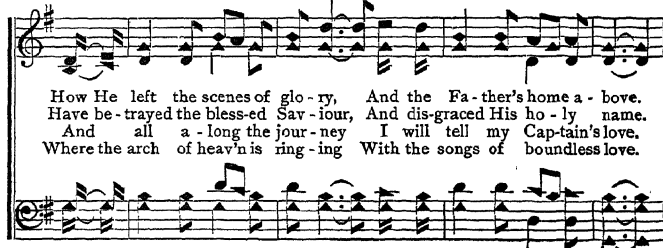
1. I am go-ing to join the ar-my, The ar-my of the Lord;
 2. I have strug-gled, all sin-gle-hand-ed, I've bat-tled all a-lone;
 3. I have fol-lowed the Prince of Dark-ness To sor-row, shame and woe;
 4. I was charmed with sin-ful pleas-ure, 'Twas al-ways mingled with pain;



I am go-ing to bear the mes-sage Of the Mas-ter's bless-ed word.
 Have re-belled a-against my Cap-tain And de-filed His aw-ful throne.
 There are oth-ers now leaving his ser-vice, And I am re-solved to go.
 But I've found the price-less treas-ure, In join-ing the heav'nly train.



I am go-ing to tell the sto-ry Of the Savi-our's matchless love;
 I have plunged my soul in sor-row, And have filled my heart with shame;
 I will join in the bloodless war-fare, And will reach the camp a-bove;
 I am march-ing on with sing-ing, To the soul's bright home a-bove;



How He left the scenes of glo-ry, And the Fa-ther's home a-bove.
 Have be-trayed the bless-ed Sav-iour, And dis-graced His ho-ly name.
 And all a-long the jour-ney I will tell my Cap-tain's love.
 Where the arch of heav'n is ring-ing With the songs of boundless love.

I AM GOING TO TELL THE STORY.

CHORUS.

The musical score is written for a four-part chorus (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "I am go-ing to tell the sto-ry Of the Sav-iour's matchless love, And join the throng in glo-ry, In the Fa-ther's home a - bove." The score includes a piano introduction and a repeat sign at the end.

I AM GOING TO TELL THE STORY

In the preceding song I endeavored to put myself in the place of the penitent sinner who had made up his mind to forsake his wicked life and join in with the Lord's people. The writer has witnessed hundreds, yea thousands, arise in great congregations and come forward to confess the Savior. He often spoke of the scene as the most beautiful, charming sight he ever beheld—more beautiful and charming than a view of the great mountains or the beautiful flower garden, or the fine paintings of the great Masters. He has often said that the most beautiful sight he ever saw was the coming forward of a great company of really penitent, repenting sinners to publicly confess the Savior. Can it be that too many people join our churches now who have no profound conviction for sin?

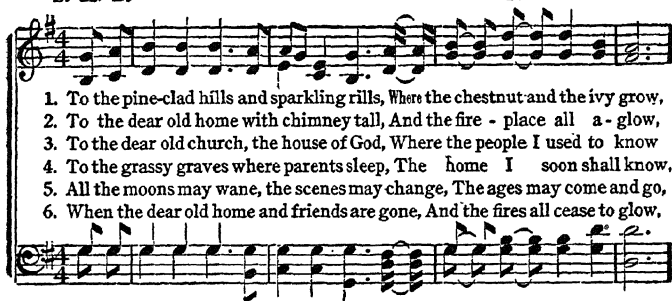
GOING BACK HOME TO STAY

In the hill country, the foothills of the Blue Ridge range of mountains in North Carolina, is the old home where the writer was reared. The home is a farm two miles from the old village of Hamptonville, where a town was laid out about the time of the Revolutionary War by John Hampton, a great uncle of General Wade Hampton of South Carolina. In the edge of this village stands the fourth house used by this old church, which at this writing, April, 1933, is between 200 and 300 years old. Here the writer joined the church and was ordained to the ministry on the fifth Sunday in August, 1876. There is a notable grave-yard at the old church where father, mother, two brothers, one sister, and several other blood relatives and a host of his dear friends, with his boyhood chums await the resurrection. Five or six miles away is another old church familiarly called "The Knobs," the real name is "Swaims Church." Here father and mother joined the church about 1835. Much of the farm lands were cleared of the original forests and were supposed to be worn out. These lands have grown up in pines. Most of the valuable timber has been cut up and used up. There are beautiful springs and all fine soft water. When the writer was a

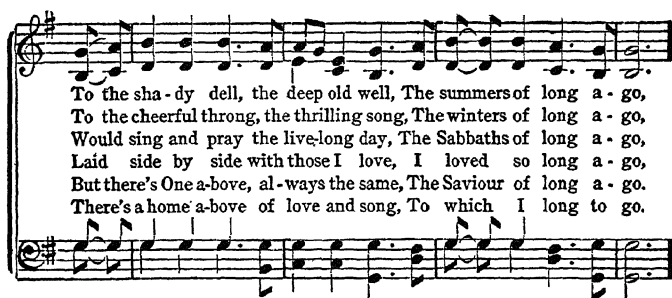
GOING BACK HOME TO STAY.

S. M. B.

S. M. BROWN.

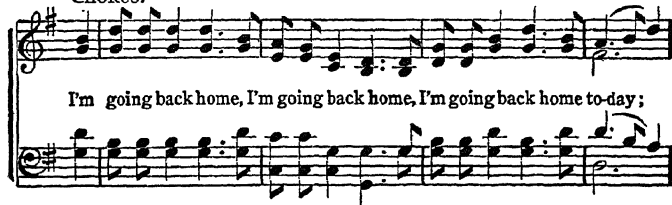


1. To the pine-clad hills and sparkling rills, Where the chestnut and the ivy grow,
2. To the dear old home with chimney tall, And the fire - place all a - glow,
3. To the dear old church, the house of God, Where the people I used to know
4. To the grassy graves where parents sleep, The home I soon shall know,
5. All the moons may wane, the scenes may change, The ages may come and go,
6. When the dear old home and friends are gone, And the fires all cease to glow,

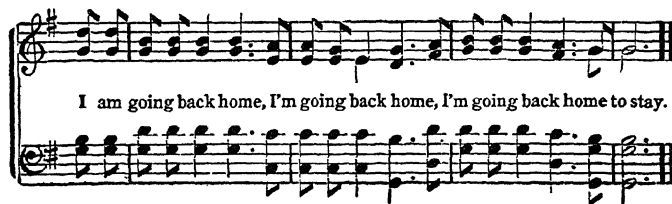


To the sha - dy dell, the deep old well, The summers of long a - go,
To the cheerful throng, the thrilling song, The winters of long a - go,
Would sing and pray the live-long day, The Sabbaths of long a - go,
Laid side by side with those I love, I loved so long a - go,
But there's One a - bove, al - ways the same, The Saviour of long a - go.
There's a home a - bove of love and song, To which I long to go.

CHORUS.



I'm going back home, I'm going back home, I'm going back home to-day;



I am going back home, I'm going back home, I'm going back home to stay.

boy there were wild rabbits, squirrels, opossums and some wild turkeys. The fish in the clear streams were better. There were about a half dozen boys, Bill King, Joe and Sant Reavis and Bill and Dick Buxton, who were together on Sunday at Flat Rock Church and then out in the hills. We were not supposed to hunt on Sunday, but if a rabbit "got up" the temptation was almost irresistible. Those were days never to be forgotten. The boys are about all gone since these more than seventy years have rolled over us, but the hills are there and they speak to the soul, and make a background for a picture which can never be transferred to a painting made by human hands. They constitute the evidence that God still lives. To see these hills and the people left there the writer has met the expense of eighty-three trips from Missouri to the old scenes. The expense of time, effort and means was not a waste. The writer has kept in touch with the changed and changing population and has perhaps done some good in preaching to the people on these occasional visits. I love the people and their interest in me is one of the precious memories of my life.

For many years after coming to Missouri, now fifty-six years ago, the writer cherished the purpose to spend the last years of his life back at home and do my last preaching in the country and village churches my father served, but time has changed it all. A sister and a brother followed me to Missouri and they both sleep here in Forest Hill Cemetery. One of our two sons, Sanford Brown, Jr., sleeps in France and our other son and our daughter are

here and the Sanford Brown, Jr. Post of the American Legion and the City of Kansas City have devoted a fine plot of ground and built a fine marble monument to the memory of our dear boy. So Kansas City and our dear Missouri friends have done enough for me to make an undeserved sunset of glory.

THE END

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